

NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 15, 1959

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

Mr. Eisenhower Falls to the Summit

AN EDITORIAL

THE INVITATION TO KHRUSHCHEV TO VISIT THE UNITED STATES WILL HAVE A DEVASTATING ADVERSE EFFECT UPON THE CAPTIVE PEOPLE BEHIND THE COMMUNIST IRON CURTAIN. IT IS A VICTORY FOR SOVIET DIPLOMACY WHICH HAS ANGLED FOR SUCH AN INVITATION FOR THE PAST SEVERAL YEARS. KHRUSHCHEV IS STILL THE QUOTE BUTCHER OF BUDAPEST UNQUOTE. THREE YEARS DOES NOT OUTLAW MURDER OF AN INDIVIDUAL OR A NATION. . . .

WILLIAM F. KNOWLAND

in a telegram to *National Review*

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NATIONAL REVIEW

A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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For the Record

The price of Soviet permission for Nixon to visit Poland was this: Khrushchev, according to Communist plans, will visit Cuba en route home, with possible courtesy calls on Panama and Colombia. Venezuela reportedly has refused to welcome him. . . . Cuban President Osvaldo Dorticos says Cuba will not adopt a militant anti-Communist stand because to do so "would retard the revolutionary process." . . . Honored guest at Cuban July 26 celebrations, former Mexican President Lazaro Cárdenas, recipient of Stalin Peace Prize four years ago. . . . U.S. Navy planes are said to have spotted a rocket-launching pad in Oriente Province, Cuba.

A Communist Party sound-truck was given a cleared block in New York's busy Eighth Avenue to urge passersby to visit the Soviet Exhibition, now in its last week and "see for yourself evidence of their peaceful intentions." . . . American industry shocked at impact of Soviet show. Many visitors have never seen American counterparts of most Russian technological exhibits; in some cases "security" has precluded revealing to the public that U.S. industry has developed superior items.

Importance of Republican gubernatorial victory in Hawaii and GOP control of Hawaiian state senate: the party will have power to confirm over 500 new appointments Governor Quinn will make during transition to statehood. . . . Kennedy supporters appalled their candidate ran behind Stuart Symington in Democratic Party poll in Ohio. Kennedy, as leading Democratic contender at the moment, favors Presidential primaries, had planned to enter Ohio primary despite opposition of Ohio Governor Mike DiSalle, a favorite son. . . . Available from the American Education Program, a new instructive film, The ABC of Political Action at the Precinct Level, also three new films in its Camera Inside Europe series (documenting how wage-earners fare under socialistic states). For information, write: American Education Program, Searcy, Arkansas.

The USSR now claims it invented the "Hovercraft" (the revolutionary British craft which operates over land or water on a cushion of air), but somehow never got around to producing it. . . . What the timetable looks like now: Captive Nations Month—July. Honor the Captor Month—September.

The WEEK

● The White House, State Department and Central Intelligence Agency are desperately trying to clamp the lid on a volcanic explosion building up pressure within the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee. Committee investigators have unearthed evidence proving not only the massive infiltration of Communists into Castro's Cuba but the active role played by CIA—with the benevolent nod of the President's brother and Latin American expert, Dr. Milton Eisenhower—in the nourishment and growth of the Castro movement. CIA, with White House backing, is trying to get the subcommittee to drop the investigation altogether; or, at the least, to keep all hearings secret.

● One fuel that has been feeding the flames of the current boom is thought to be nearing the point at which it will begin to have a smothering rather than a volatile effect. Since the first of the year, consumer credit has mounted at a net rate of \$450 million monthly, to a present total of nearly \$45 billion. Many consumers have gone so far into debt that they no longer have any "purchasing flexibility." When essential running expenses plus installments on mortgage, car and household equipment are subtracted from pay-checks there is nothing left for new purchases. Many economists believe this squeeze will slow the presently fabulous retail sales during the next period, with a dampening effect on production.

● "Peace and Friendship!" shouted Mr. Nixon in his newly-given Russian—without, however, saying with whom. With the grinning Khrushchev and the smirking Kozlov and the suave Gomulka?—or with the Russian, Polish and Ukrainian peoples? Mr. Nixon's choice of trademark-phrase for his trip was revealing. "Peace and Freedom!" (*Paix et Liberté, Frieden und Freiheit!*) has been the great slogan of the West since the days of the first Berlin blockade. "Peace and Freedom!" was what the Kremlin's subjects and victims were waiting to hear—specified.

● UP LIFE'S LADDER DEPT.: Back in September 1956, Jacob K. Javits, then the Republican Attorney General of New York, spent an uncomfortable morning with the Senate Internal Security Subcommittee, forgetting or minimizing—but carefully never denying—his record of intimate associations with known Communists during the mid-1940's. Last week, Jacob

K. Javits, now senior U.S. Senator from New York, beamed with pride at the announcement that his wife Marion will have a small part in a forthcoming Hollywood picture. Her role? Secretary to the head of the FBI. If she's half as good at acting as her husband, she is on the threshold of a brilliant career.

● An American farmer produces, on the average, 14 times as much as a British farmer; an American miner, 7.5 times as much as a British miner; an American industrial worker, nearly three times as much as a British industrial worker. In the United States, it takes 1,420 man-hours to build a house, in Great Britain 2,525 hours. And similarly, according to a team of English economists, from category to category throughout the two countries' respective workforces—excepting one, the key category of the twentieth century, namely: government services, where the British are twice as efficient as Americans—whether because the relevant workers turn out twice as much or only half as much, the economists do not say.

● To build an Air Force Academy bigger and better than Annapolis and West Point, the Air Force has already spent \$200 million, and is destined to go to \$270 million. Congress originally appropriated \$139 million for the plant, and has not appropriated an additional penny. Just the same, the spending goes merrily on into the wild blue yonder—made possible by book-juggling by the Executive. Items: 1) a \$5.2 million hotel; 2) a \$2.3 million football stadium; 3) four ballrooms; 4) a \$25 million airfield on the grounds, despite an offer of an extant and serviceable airfield only 12 miles away—an offer, incidentally, which the Air Force didn't even bother to report to Congress. Sounds like an underdeveloped country, doesn't it?

● William H. Peterson, writing in *Business Horizons*, an Indiana University publication, has come up with an idea as brilliant as it is simple. What Professor Peterson suggests is a North American Common Market, beginning with a U.S.-Canadian free trade area. Professor Peterson points out that Canadian manufacturing companies need U.S. capital and customers, while the U.S. for its part needs uninhibited access to the mineral deposits of the great Canadian Laurentian Shield. According to Professor Peterson, the short-term hardships that would be visited upon Wisconsin cheese makers by free trade with Canada would be more than cancelled out by the exuberant prosperity which would result from a common market extending from Baffin Bay to the Rio Grande.

● Just when we had concluded that the great historic principles of the Republican Party were ready

to be filed away with dinosaur eggs, along comes "We Hold These Truths," a pamphlet issued by the Republican State Central Committee of Indiana (Claypool Hotel, Indianapolis 9). In language that contains not a single weasel word, it pledges the Indiana GOP to measure every bill and every candidate by their fidelity to certain principles, which it lists under six heads: Sound Money; Constitutional Government (no law-making by the Supreme Court); Foreign Affairs (no "soft" approach to Communism); Labor (right-to-work; clean unions); Agriculture (return to free markets); Education (no federal aid at any level). We commend the Committee's vigorous declaration to other Republican organizations, to the Republican National Committee, and to all American voters.

- One finds in the Help Wanted section of a paper in the once-depressed eastern Massachusetts textile area, among others: the Raytheon Company's advertisement for electronic production workers, IBM's for key punch specialists, W. R. Grace & Company's for "alert persons," Gardner Aluminum's for aluminum siding salesmen, Texas Instrument's for "mechanicians," and Convair Astronautics' for electronic engineers. All without benefit of Senator Douglas' depressed area bill! Michigan papers please copy.

- Who says the youth of the nation is through? A recent poll by *Scholastic* magazines of 5,000 senior high school students reveals that: 33 per cent would object to being called eggheads; 44 per cent would like to be called capitalists, and 96 per cent wouldn't mind being known as "Wall Streeters" or even millionaires. A random observation of our own: If any of these students does, in fact, become a millionaire, he is not likely to come from the 33 per cent whose idea of a hotshot investment is a government bond.

- Do we "degrade" Ghana, or Bolivia, when we speak of them as "underdeveloped"? A female political strategist in Guilford, Connecticut, thinks that we do, and suggests that we start substituting for "underdeveloped" the adjective "developing"—just as, at an earlier date, we substituted "underdeveloped" for "backward." *NR* thinks it is a good idea, but one that doesn't go far enough: Let's cut the Gordian knot, start calling them "advanced"—and stop degrading them with financial aid.

- India's new, conservative Freedom (Swatandra) Party held its first convention in Bombay last week with nearly a thousand delegates attending. Founded by Chakravarti Rajagopalachari, India's elder statesman and a close friend of the late Mahatma Gandhi, the Freedom Party opposes "state capitalism" in India and is, in the words of M. S. Masani, its most



The above cartoon was drawn by Jean-Jacques Borig, a young Swiss, who captioned it: "Troubles in Tibet. Nehru: 'What a row those people upstairs are making!'"

articulate leader, "categorically committed to frontal opposition to Communism in a way no other party in India can claim to be." Could it be that the meeting of this party—which includes so many former members of Jawaharlal Nehru's Congress Party—had something to do with jolting Nehru from his nirvana-like complacency towards Communism into taking the steps which led to the dissolution of the Communist government in Kerala?

- "Can the Russians," demands a *Times* blurb advertising a series on the sovietization of Outer Mongolia, "jump seven centuries in ten years?" Our preliminary answer: Forward or backward? Jump which way?

Mr. Eisenhower Falls to the Summit

1. Richard Nixon Over His Head

We are being told by the wiseacres that "it will be a long time before the results of Vice President Nixon's journey can be fully assessed in all the chancelleries"—as the *New York Post* phrased it in an editorial indistinguishable from a thousand others.

Let us accept their suspended verdict on the results *inside* the Iron Curtain. There, the score seems to show both plus and minus, and the arithmetic is obscure. Under exhausting physical, political and moral conditions, Mr. Nixon handled himself like a decent, earnest and courageous man. That is to the good; such manliness is refreshing after the bootlicking of such recent travelers as Adlai Stevenson, Hubert Humphrey and Averell Harriman.

Several thousand Soviet subjects in Siberia and several tens of thousands of Moscow's captives in Poland seized on Mr. Nixon's presence to stage what were in political substance pro-American rallies. That is very good indeed.

A few millions of the Soviet TV and radio audience heard a sharper challenge to the official line than had come their way in forty years. This too, so far and so deep as it may have gone, is good.

But let us not, in naive enthusiasm at an off-beat stunt, exaggerate. The Nixon visit was at most a minor ripple on the Soviet sea. Those who saw and heard him were few, percentage-wise. The "impact" of his presence, actions and remarks was—and continues to be—smothered in the established platitudes and the newly-coined lies, distortions and fantasies of the official press. Moreover, the Soviet subjects and the Poles saw Mr. Nixon as willing guest and smiling companion of the murderous gangsters who rule over them. That, and the thoughts that seeing leads to, are very bad.

But if the assessment of results on the Soviet sector is doubtful, the heavily negative outcome on *our* side is certain.

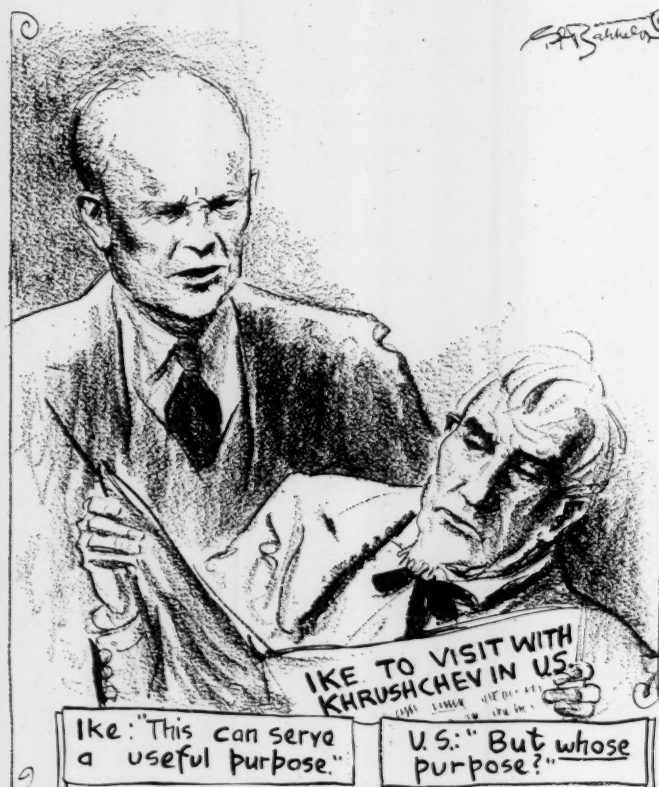
If our opposition to Communism and the Soviet Union means anything, it must rest on the insistence that Communist rule is *illegitimate*, and that the governments both of the Russian Kremlin and its satrapies in the captive nations are usurping tyrannies. But Mr. Nixon, Vice President of the United States, by the mere fact of his trip and by his attitude throughout, was publicly demonstrating his *acceptance* of the Bolshevik regimes. His conduct served to anoint and legitimize them. At no point, by word or action, did he suggest a gap between governors and governed. That would have offended the tender ears of Mr. Nixon's official hosts. It might have upset the season's further touring schedule.

So he took the easy, and unprincipled, way out.

Mr. Nixon's concluding Moscow TV-radio address, rare as it may have been for the Soviet air waves, reduces on analysis to a mixed residue of clichés and confusions. Mr. Nixon, like every ladies' club lecturer, is "most of all impressed" by "the Soviet people"—so brave, so progressive, so full of vitality, and so like us Americans "in our love of humor," our "common love of sport," and "above all" in our "desire for peace."

Mr. Nixon was full of apologies for our overseas bases. We set them up years ago, you see, "before the Twentieth Party Congress changed the line to the one Mr. Khrushchev enunciated again in his speech at Dniepropetrovsk, that Communism will now try to achieve its international objectives by peaceful means rather than by force." (How, one wonders, do the Hungarians, Tibetans and today the Laotians feel about this "changed line" of peace—or tomorrow the sport-loving citizens of West Berlin?)

Well, all we want is a nuclear test-ban, cultural exchange, freedom of information, Peace and Friendship. Of course, "we prefer our system," but if you like yours better, that's fine with us. A little thing like Bolshevism won't come between us. "We believe that you and all other peoples on this earth should have the right to choose." (And is Bolshevism, then, what the Russians and Poles have chosen?) "To me,



the concept of coexistence is completely inadequate and negative . . . What we need today is not two worlds but one world . . ." His Bolshevik hosts surely agreed with Mr. Nixon on that last point. They are agreed, and they act accordingly, to bring into existence the one world—the Bolshevik world—that is their never-forgotten and never-neglected goal. Here too, effectively censored by the logic of the visit, Mr. Nixon took the easy, and unprincipled, way out.

Only a small fraction of the Soviet world was in Mr. Nixon's audience that night, but nearly all the Free World was there. Those who accepted what Mr. Nixon had to tell them, ended with less, not more, knowledge of the true visage of the enemy, and with less motive for a resolve to meet his challenge.

2. The President Upside Down

Whatever the net loss from Mr. Nixon's Soviet trip, it shrinks to a decimal beside the presumptive losses to come from the reciprocal visiting for which the Vice President's trip was, we know now, mere prelude and annunciation.

That was a pretty slick operation they put over on the rest of us, and the petty, Madison-Avenue deceptions are an accurate measure of the worth of this shopworn fabric. Here we were innocently reading how "a few advisers" thought—if this and if that, and after careful soundings and a long time in the future—then *maybe* Khrushchev ought to be invited to this country, and *conceivably* President Eisenhower might some day go to Moscow . . . but nothing of course had been decided, and Mr. Nixon had no authorization to discuss such a topic, and it just popped into the nine Governors' heads as they got back from their Russian tour to recommend it . . .

But the whole business was—clearly—decided weeks ago. The President himself confessed so at his press conference. All the double talk and planned leaks and gubernatorial suggestions were just part of that nauseating "preparation of public opinion" we go in for these days.

So next month our President is to do smiling honor to Josef Stalin's faithful henchman, whose hands are still encarnadined with the blood of the Hungarian Freedom Fighters! This is the guest who will be welcomed to the White House—the most cherished home of our national tradition and honor; who will walk the floors trod by Washington and Jefferson, and sleep in Lincoln's bed. This is the peace-lover who will be recommended to the good graces of the American people on pain of "embarrassing our President." Alas! it is our good President, deluded by false advisers and his own muddled thinking, who embarrasses all of his countrymen who have kept their eyes open and their sense of shame undulled.

From the editorial columns of the New York Times, the day after the Khrushchev-Eisenhower visits were announced. (The proper names in the Times text have been altered, as if it had been written in an earlier historical moment: September 1938.)

"In a supreme effort to melt the ice that clogs relations between the totalitarian powers and the democracies, President Roosevelt invites Chancellor Hitler to make an official visit to the United States next month, and the Nazi ruler . . . 'accepted with pleasure.' In return the President proposes to visit Nazi Germany later this fall. . . .

"In announcing these visits President Roosevelt has yielded not so much to Herr Hitler's importunities as to Western pleas to use his personal authority and prestige to break the deadlock between the Fascist powers and the democracies, underlined by the probable failure of the Munich conference. . . .

"Nevertheless, it is essential to keep the Nazi-American visits in proper perspective. However sympathetic the American people may be towards the German peoples, and however much the latter may reciprocate this feeling, . . . Herr Hitler will come to this country as a decidedly unfriendly dictator who has vowed to 'bury' us in a Nazi world conquest. But as an official visitor and guest of the President he is entitled to and must receive not only adequate protection but also all the usual courtesies. And however bitterly resident members of the captive nations may feel toward him there must be no repetition of the disorderly incidents that marred the earlier visit of Hermann Goering. . . ."

A year ago, when the first Khrushchev-visit balloon was floated, NATIONAL REVIEW asked its readers "What to Do When Khrushchev Comes?" The replies poured in: "Churches should constantly toll their bells"; "as he passes, let everyone silently turn his back to him"; "let all of us pray"; "let the kinsmen of the patriots of the captive nations parade flag-draped coffins down the streets"; "let him be met by hordes of people draped in mourning"; "arrange a parade of floats truly representing the Soviet Empire."

We hope that the President is not going to lecture us, this time, on manners. We can't say much for the egg- and tomato-throwing that greeted Mikoyan here and there—though we have entire sympathy for the feelings from which it sprang. It may be that the American public is too far seduced into indifference and cynicism to take means to express with power and dignity its utter rejection of this butcher whom the President has asked to come among us. But there may be surprises ahead for both host and guest. After all, Nikita Khrushchev is monster enough to have roused even the Scandinavians out of their

Khrushchev's Visit

Senator Styles Bridges:

I have over a period of time spoken out against the idea that he be invited to visit this country, and my position is unchanged. I have said that I believe that a visit by Khrushchev would be used primarily for propaganda, and would serve no useful purpose . . . I hope . . . that when he is here he . . . will not be misled by that segment of our population which has so often in the past demonstrated toward Russia and the Communist world as a whole, and Mr. Khrushchev in particular, gullibility, complacency and fear.

Senator Thomas A. Dodd:

Khrushchev has on his hands the blood of millions of people who were murdered under his direction. He is responsible for the suffering of millions more in concentration camps and slave labor camps. He is the persecutor of Cardinal Mindszenty, Archbishop Beran and countless other churchmen of various faiths. He holds under cruel tyranny a dozen captive nations in eastern Europe. He has refused to make the slightest concession in the interest of justice and peace in the world. He has negotiated by means of ultimatums and threats of nuclear annihilation of the free world. Yet our government proposes to bestow upon Khrushchev all of the cordialities . . . and kindnesses of the American people.

This is a propaganda victory for the Kremlin beyond its wildest dreams. I fear that it has opened the doors for appeasement of Communism, for a false sense of security, for a weakening of free world resolves and for the further disillusionment of the captive peoples. The President, working swiftly and secretly, has presented the American people with an accomplished fact, without any opportunity for public discussion. The invitation to Khrushchev is another example of the deterioration of our foreign policy since the death of John Foster Dulles.

Senator Paul Douglas:

We can imagine the sharp criticism which would have burst forth if a Democratic President had extended such an invitation. . . . Twenty-one years ago, Chamberlain made his fateful visit to Munich and made a disastrous agreement with Hitler which was widely applauded at the time. Those who cannot learn from history are destined to repeat it. Let us prove that we can learn.

Congressman Walter H. Judd:

The Khrushchev visit is a major advance for him in his relentless political offensive to soften up the West preparatory to the kill. It strengthens the dictator and weakens his opponents. If the strong accept the tyrant how can the weak resist him? To us such an exchange of visits represents a chance to lessen the tensions. To Communists it represents a chance to

use the tensions to win another victory. . . .

I hope devoutly that this estimate will prove wrong, but the record of past dealings with the Soviet leaders and the absence of a single concession at Geneva or anywhere else as an evidence of good faith, do not permit me to have any other estimate at this time.

Dr. Clyde J. Kennedy, President, American Council of Christian Churches:

It is morally wrong to extend an invitation to the Bloody Butcher of Budapest who has announced his intention to bury us. . . . Nothing but harm can come from an invitation to this European Dillinger.

William F. Knowland:

. . . Communists the world over will make massive propaganda use of the red carpet treatment [accorded Khrushchev] in New York, at the United Nations, in Washington, and on the grand tour throughout the United States.

Whether we intend it or not they will by word and picture convey the idea that this gives to the Kremlin's leader, and to the Soviet Union, the moral support of the free people of the United States and their leaders.

An invitation to Hitler or Himmler while Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland, and a part of France were held in Nazi subjugation would have shocked the conscience of the free world.

Blood on the hand of Khrushchev is neither less red than that which covered Hitler's, nor are his threats to "bury us," meaning the United States and the free world, faded by the passage of a few months. What is morally wrong can never be politically or diplomatically right.

The admonition of Second Corinthians still stands: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers; for what fellowship has righteousness with unrighteousness and what communion has light with darkness."

Judge Robert Morris:

This decision, long sought by Khrushchev and by some of our policy-makers, is an accomplished fact. The best we can do now is to try to turn it to our advantage.

The uncritical and highly gullible atmosphere of the 1955 Geneva Summit must be avoided. Every opportunity must be taken to assure that this is not the acceptance in any form of the status quo in eastern Europe or Tibet and Red China. There should be no suppression of our civil liberties as we saw beginning to happen when Mikoyan was here. . . .

We should anticipate a Latin-American corollary to the visit. Khrushchev in Cuba will be a real danger.

But above all we cannot relax our guard. Appeasement never saved any nation.

normal calm—to such a pitch that he backed out of his Scandinavian tour.

No one ever suggested inviting Adolf Hitler to our country—not even President Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was ready for nearly anything, and cut a good many moral corners in his day. Wasn't anyone interested, then, to "promote the cause of peace"—as the White House statement now explains the Khrushchev invitation?

There was a proposal, it is true, early in 1939, that Roosevelt and Hitler should meet for a last attempt to save the tottering peace. But not in our White House or on our hallowed soil. Even Franklin Roosevelt had the sense of shame to make clear that if the meeting were held, it should be at a rendezvous appropriate to its political and moral nature: on a ship of war, cruising on the High Seas.

If President Eisenhower really believes that a meeting between him and Khrushchev has a chance to promote the cause of peace, why does he not follow so correct a precedent? It would make the relevant truths clear to all the world.

3. Full Circle Back to Yalta

Moscow has made its preparations for the Eisenhower-Khrushchev Summit in its usual manner. Absolute intransigence over Berlin and Germany. No yielding on nuclear test essentials. Its agents mounting a full-scale penetration of the Caribbean. Its Southeast Asian cohorts launching a war against Laos. A ruthless new collectivization drive in Hungary. The slaughter of tens of thousands of Tibetans. Probes across the Tibetan border into India. A rabid campaign denouncing West Germany as militarist and Nazi. A putsch by Communist-led Kurds in northern Iraq. Arms to the Algerian terrorists . . . ("We will bury you!"—remember?)

Let's not kid ourselves, or let the White House publicists kid us. This Eisenhower-Khrushchev exchange visit is the Summit Meeting in essential fact. The President—who pledged to his own people and to the world that he would not go to the Summit unless there was substantial proof given of progress on the disputed issues, and would never think of going under threats—has bowed to Khrushchev's threats and blusters. There has been no "progress." Moscow has yielded nothing and promised nothing. Moscow's provocations have, indeed, been stepped up during these recent weeks. What is the whole "Berlin crisis" but a brutal provocation? The President will meet with Khrushchev as Chamberlain and Daladier met with Hitler at Munich, as Roosevelt and Churchill met with Stalin at Yalta.

What smug rejoicing—and what arrogant scorn—must this week, as then in 1945, fill the breasts of Lenin's disciples, today the masters of the Kremlin. And Tomorrow the World?

Prince Edward County

Next month the white children of Prince Edward County, Virginia, will walk past the closed and shuttered public schools to new classrooms in private quarters. Twelve hundred of the county's 1,500 white children already have registered with the Prince Edward School Foundation; \$250,000 of the \$300,000 needed to run the new private schools this year has been raised or pledged; 59 of last year's 70 public school teachers have signed up. The Foundation turned down state aid in the form of scholarships until the legality of Virginia's new "freedom of choice" law has been tested. This is the answer of the white residents of Prince Edward County (which is half Negro, half white) to a court-ordered integration of its public schools.

The question to be resolved: will the Supreme Court carry *Brown v. Board of Education* a final step further, and rule that segregated private schools are unconstitutional; or will those Southern communities which would rather educate their children privately than permit even selective integration be allowed to do so? The NAACP has discouraged efforts by both whites and Negroes to set up a parallel system of private Negro schools in Prince Edward County, in order to provoke a Court decision.

How Secure is Dior?

Nothing, but nothing, not even the A-Bomb, everyone in sight will tell you, is as closely guarded as the new fashion line in the hectic weeks which precede the Paris showings. The security system set up by the Diors, Griffes, Chanel and Patous to trip up spies among their own *midinettes* and, alas, among the customers—noblewomen and ex-queens, movie stars and South American beauties, fashion writers and international buyers—who throng the *salons* at this time of year (sometimes with miniature cameras hidden in the handles of their chic umbrellas) would we are told, teach J. Edgar Hoover a trick or two.

If this is so, would some one then please explain to us what goes on with Yves St. Laurent, Christian Dior's soft-spoken and indubitably talented successor (our interest in security being, as is well known, all-encompassing)? We note that for the second time in a row all of *haute couture* has gone one way and Dior the other. Last February, when, as one man, so to speak, the other fashion houses raised their hems to just below knee-level, Dior's went plummeting. This time, they are down and he is up.

As we see it, there are two possible explanations. Either the other lads are rushing off to a corner to exchange trade secrets ("Let's make it longer, looser and tunicky, with a dash of old Russia") and not

telling St. Laurent, which is *defendu*; or St. Laurent has such an excellent espionage system that he knows exactly what they will offer and prepares his own *ligne* for the delectation of the *haute couture* customers who will, predictably, simply *loathe* the standard *ligne Parisienne* of the moment. What Dior offers them today in a "long loose" year is a peeping knee, hobble-skirted amalgam of 1912-1929 dubbed (by us) "the lady's not for walking."

Gallantry in the New York Press

On the second of July, the widow of Senator Joseph R. McCarthy sent a letter to a number of the nation's major newspapers making the following observations about Richard Rovere's biography of her husband: 1) The book, she wishes the public to know, is legally privileged because it is written about a dead man. Under the law, no one, not even one's family, can sue for libel in behalf of a dead man. That is not a widely known fact, wrote Mrs. McCarthy, and I should not want the public to infer from my failure to take legal action against Mr. Rovere that his book is a truthful account of the career of my husband. 2) The book is, in point of fact, a sustained and gross misrepresentation of the career of Senator McCarthy.

A week later Mrs. McCarthy heard from the editor of the Sunday *New York Times Book Review* (she had addressed her letter to the editor of the daily edition), expressing regret that since the book review section closes several weeks before its public appearance, her letter, interesting though it was, would be rather stale. By the time the next book section in which your letter could appear rolls around, the *Times* said, "the contents of your letter will certainly be common knowledge, and our publication of it would appear unwarrantedly belated." (As though anything that has not appeared in the *Times* could hope to become common knowledge!) Why could they not run the letter in a daily edition? Mrs. McCarthy asked. Because the daily excludes letters about books, Mrs. McCarthy did not bother to write a third time, explaining that her letter was not a piece of literary criticism but a news item informing the public why she couldn't sue. (If she had sued, would the news of it have appeared in the book section?)

2. The *Herald Tribune* answered Mrs. McCarthy two weeks after she wrote. No, they would not publish her letter, for the reason that "it contains libelous references." (The letter had already appeared in the *Washington Post*, in the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, and elsewhere. Mr. Rovere's lawyers have not sued.)

3. The *New York World-Telegram & Sun* has not a) run the letter, nor b) acknowledged it.

Notes and Asides

Erratum. In its last issue, NATIONAL REVIEW published a correspondence between "Mr. Hendon Chubb, chairman of the board of the Federal Insurance Company, and senior partner of Chubb & Son" and NATIONAL REVIEW. In fact, the letter was written by Hendon Chubb II, grandson of H. C. senior. The mistaken identity was our fault.

The correspondence, by the way, went another round. On receipt of Mr. Buckley's letter, Mr. Chubb wrote back:

"Dear Mr. Buckley:

It was a delight to receive your urbane answer to my rather choleric letter. Since seemingly the Devil must find servants, I am sorry that he hasn't the good sense to choose for his retinue more who are like you."

—to which Mr. Buckley replied:

"Dear Mr. Chubb:

You were so pleasant I think I will forgive you for not reading NATIONAL REVIEW—though I cannot commit God on the matter. On the other hand, He too may forgive you, for to deprive yourself of NATIONAL REVIEW these days is a considerable act of self-mortification."

The article "The Lost Tools of Learning," by Dorothy L. Sayers, printed in our issue of August 1, 1959, Vol. VII, No. 16, should have been accompanied by the credit line: © Dorothy L. Sayers, 1948.

Our Contributors: FATHER WILLIAM O'BRIEN, S. J. ("What's Cooking in Our Schools?") is a member of the Department of Government at Georgetown University. The author of *Justice Stanley Reed and the First Amendment*, his articles on constitutional law have been published in many of the nation's leading quarterlies and law journals. . . . DOUGLAS CADDY ("What's Really at Stake in Louisiana"), a native of New Orleans, is a senior in the School of Foreign Service, Georgetown University, editor of the *Foreign Service Courier* and first president of the Georgetown Young Republican Club. . . . ERNESTINE STODELLE ("Mask, Matter or Man?") was a member of the Doris Humphrey troupe in the thirties, and later was associated in the "Little Group" with José Limon, Eleanor King and Letitia Ide. Her first husband was a Russian, the late Theodore Komisarjevsky, who for many years managed the Shakespeare Theater at Stratford-on-Avon. She is now married to John Chamberlain.

National Trends

Public Lobby for Public Spending

L. BRENT BOZELL

I hesitate to divert attention from the Big Tent where Richard Nixon is demonstrating his qualifications for the Presidency: where the Butcher of Budapest is transformed into "a born leader of men" and is asked to be our honored guest; where the Twentieth Party Congress "peace" line is certified as genuine; where the "concept of coexistence" is finally rejected—in favor of "one world"; where a Western diplomatic capitulation is accomplished ("no guarantee of West Berlin, no Summit," someone said) with everyone's apparent approval.

But on the theory that Nixon's dark deeds may, somehow, be countered by an equally cataclysmic turn in Communism's fortunes, one must regard our domestic affairs as still relevant. Congress is still there, and Congress is about to pass a law that will hammer an important nail—maybe the decisive one—in the coffin of States' Rights.

Senator Muskie's (D. Me.) proposal to establish a permanent Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations has now, with ease, cleared joint House and Senate hearings, and is on the Senate's calendar for early consideration. It is a Liberal *cause célèbre*: Messrs. Humphrey, Ervin, Case (N.J.), McCarthy, Hartke, Cooper, Langer, Neuberger, Engle, Moss, Mansfield, Javits, Douglas, Jordan, Proxmire, Byrd (W. Va.), Randolph, McGee, Williams (N.J.), Murray, Prouty, Kefauver and Mrs. Smith, no less, make up the cosponsors list; it is a cause, moreover, that is so innocuous on its face as to be almost unstoppable. The bill would set up a 27-man commission to promote "cooperation and coordination of activities among federal, state and local governments"; to "study" their "common problems"; to review the federal grant programs; and (not so innocuous) to "recommend within the framework of the Constitution [some people think that 'framework' settled such matters] the most desirable allocation of governmental functions and responsibilities . . ."

Ironically, Muskie's proposal has a conservative genesis. In the early days of the Eisenhower Administration, Dean Clarence Manion was brought to Washington to head up a study of intergovernmental problems. Because of his desire to wage a meaningful battle for States' Rights, and other heresies, Manion was fired and Mr. Meyer Kestnbaum took over his duties. The Kestnbaum group filed a report with the President (which was largely ignored), and disbanded. The Liberals have taken it from there.

Why? The Liberals' sincerity in wanting to end "confusion" and to promote "cooperation" may be conceded; but the method they have chosen is not the only way to accomplish these goals. As to this particular method, the question remains: What's in it for them? Here are three explanations.

1. The Commission would try to resolve the omni-

present and constitutionally-ordained conflicts of interests between the various branches of government by *federal planning*. The Constitution's framers, of course, anticipated these conflicts; indeed, they may be said to have willed them when they set up a federal system. What does "checks and balances" mean, if not that the several branches will live together in a permanent condition of tension calculated to prevent a concentration of power in any one of them? The Constitution, of course, leaves room for "cooperation": the branches are not expected to resolve the problems resulting from overlapping functions and powers by trying to stare each other down. But the essential condition for such cooperation is that the parties approach the conference table as equals—each asserting its own sovereign rights and duties, and each acknowledging those of the other.

Disregard of this condition has been, from the beginning, a fundamental defect in the Eisenhower Administration's approach to States' Rights. In expounding the New Republican philosophy in his certified book on the subject, Mr. Arthur Larson made much of States' Rights and proclaimed the Eisenhower Administration's desire (undoubtedly sincere) to return as many federal functions as possible to the states. But Larson also made it clear that the federal government would determine the possibilities. (The states, he said, have responsibilities as well as rights, and if they refuse to discharge their responsibilities—well, the federal government must do the job.) Far from recognizing States' Rights, the New Republican philosophy viewed all problems as national problems, and state and local governments as so many subcontractors who would get the job if the bid was right.

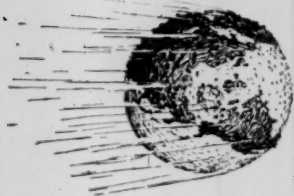
Welfarist Dream Come True

The Muskie bill provides the machinery for implementing that philosophy. Let no one be misled by the participation of state and local officials on the Commission: it is a *federal* agency that is being proposed. It would do its business in Washington; it would be staffed by federal employees (the bill specifically provides that all staff members are to be covered by the Civil Service Act); it would be supported exclusively by federal funds; even the state and local members of the Commission would be selected by the President from candidates submitted by state and local government organizations.

2. The Commission would undoubtedly encourage direct federal subsidies to cities. This device for short-circuiting economy-minded state governments is already well established, and a number of witnesses at the hearings made no secret of their hope that the Commission would facilitate the practice in the future.

3. It would exert pressure for greater government spending at all levels. The Commission would have no constituents to answer to, no clients but "the people." A public lobby for public spending: the answer to a welfarist dream.

And so this columnist would urge all conservatives of good will to go to work on this bill—to try to kill it, amend it, something. On the other hand, if they, like him, come out of the Big Tent wondering what's the use, he has nothing more to say.



Is Fidel Castro A Communist?

JAMES BURNHAM

In spite of the testimony of Major Díaz Lanz and his own acts since taking power, I am not convinced that Fidel Castro is a Communist. Castro just doesn't seem to have the Bolshevik political *style*—and style is the man, in politics as in prose.

Bolshevism is the technology of power: rational, persistent, systematic. A Bolshevik may have a core of fanaticism in his heart, but in his conduct he is a disciplined soldier and political engineer. He plans carefully, discounts subjective emotion, and drives doggedly toward his pre-selected goals.

Surely even a Procrustes couldn't squeeze Fidel into this pattern. Fidel Castro's nature is the essence of subjectivity. He pursues—in fits and starts—not an outer goal but an inner voice. He is all passion and intuition, an interlaced fabric of love and hate, ferocity and sentiment, genius and naiveté. Fidel Castro is, in fact, or seems to be, a remarkably pure example of the *charismatic leader*.

Gift of the Gods

The word "charisma" is derived from a Greek word for "gift." Its modern scientific meaning was defined by the German writers Rudolf Sohm, Max Weber and Robert Michels. They distinguish three kinds of "legitimacy" upon which authority or rule is based:

1. "Rational" legitimacy, based on known laws and regulations. In a group of some size, the ruler operates through an administrative bureaucracy according to the prescribed rules. Thus, the elected president of an established republic, or the top executive of a large corporation.

2. "Traditional" or "patriarchal" legitimacy, based on faith in the sanctity of customs and family rights transmitted from generation to generation. Examples would be hereditary monarchs and aristocracies.

3. "Charismatic" legitimacy, based (in Michels' words) "on the spon-

aneous and voluntary submission of the masses to the rule of persons endowed with extraordinary congenital qualities, sometimes held to be truly supernatural and always far superior to the general level. By virtue of these qualities such persons are deemed capable (and often they are) of accomplishing great things, and even miraculous things. And for that reason it happens that these men seem ultimately to have been appointed by no less than God Himself" (—or Satan).

One can paint a detailed portrait of Fidel Castro with strokes drawn three decades ago by Weber and Michels.

"Natural" [charismatic] leaders—in times of psychic, physical, economic, ethical, religious, political distress—have been neither officeholders nor incumbents of a regularly paid occupation. . . . One of the first requisites of the charismatic leader consists in an unembarrassed, easy deportment—with that big cigar, open fatigue shirt and coke bottle—"which arises from the faith he has in himself. . . .

"The holder of charisma seizes the task that is adequate for him and demands obedience and a following by virtue of his mission. He does not derive his 'right' from the will of the masses, in the manner of a normal election. Rather, the reverse holds: it is the *duty* of those to whom he addresses his mission to recognize him as their charismatically qualified leader. He takes for granted the adaptability of the masses to his plans. . . ." (Hence Castro's surprise at all the fuss about an election.)

"The charismatic government is averse to compromise, which its messianic logic holds to be vile and contemptible. . . . Genuine charismatic domination knows of no abstract legal codes and statistics. Its attitude is revolutionary and transvalues everything. . . .

"In its economic sub-structure, as in everything else, charismatic domi-

nation is the very opposite of bureaucratic domination that depends on regular income, a money economy and money taxes. . . . A sharp contrast between charisma and any 'patriarchal' structure also lies in this rejection of rational economic conduct. . . .

"In contrast to any kind of bureaucratic organization of officers, the charismatic structure knows nothing of an ordered procedure of appointment and dismissal. The leader does not operate through career functionaries, but chooses his collaborators according to their charismatic qualifications and on the basis of his inspiration. . . .

Coquette to the Masses

"The charismatic leader, born as he is from the masses, needs to remain in continuous contact with the masses. However, to preserve intact his ascendancy over the masses it is necessary that he also remain distinct from them and not share their faults, above all certain sympathies and natural aversions, and some human weaknesses. . . ." (Sympathies that might, perhaps, blunt the sword with which he metes out violence and death.) "So, not to let himself be absorbed into the masses, it is necessary that the leader interrupt, at short intervals, the continuity of his contact with them. . . . As the coquette acts, so also does the leader. Keeping the distance which separates him from the common people he also will finally make himself precious and indispensable. . . .

"It is useless, anti-historical, and anti-scientific to hope that charismatic dictators, having happily initiated their political work, will abdicate at the height of their power. . . . The charismatic leader does not abdicate, not even when water reaches to his throat. Precisely in his readiness to die lies one element of his force and triumph. He will abdicate only when he is seized from within by extreme bitterness and repugnance; in such a case it means he has lost his charisma. . . ."

It is for that day that the Cuban Communists—who do not allow their "authority-structure" to become dependent on so uncontrollable a quality as charisma—prepare in their own dogged and systematic mode.

What's Cooking in Our Schools?

A primer in how to get better education for less,
by a teacher who believes it would take more than
Fort Knox' gold to satisfy our educationists

WILLIAM O'BRIEN

Some time ago the *Washington Post* carried a ten by twelve colored picture of a manly-looking high school senior taking a pan of cheese pin-wheels from an oven. Observing this feat with glowing admiration were two comely girl classmates and another male student properly aproned for the enterprise. The four had just finished a class assignment for the first semester course Foods I. Bob, captain of his school football team, catalogued the values of the course as follows: "It teaches you to be fast on your feet, like football and basketball practice. There's no time for lost motion. We start from scratch and finish everything, including the dishes, in 45 minutes." But it was not this athletic by-product alone that lured Bob into Foods I. Love of knowledge was equally compelling. "I wanted to know more about vitamins and stuff."

Perhaps the editor of the Women's Section and the paper's editor-in-chief got their signals mixed, for this newspaper is and has been a most vocal advocate of federal aid to education. Yet its cause must have been thrown for a great loss of yardage by running this picture-story of half-back Bob and his kitchen team mates. The picture carried the playful caption "What's Cooking?" The same question should be seriously pressed by all interested in American education.

The country today spends nearly \$16 billion on education each year. Twelve months ago a special commission sponsored by the National Education Association and the American Association of School Administrators recommended doubling this expenditure. Will such munificence guarantee better education, or will it merely enrich the school menu with more courses like Foods I? Before pouring billions more into our schools, let's make sure that it is really education which is to be aided.

It would be unfair to intimate that the majority of high school students are spending their time on subjects like Foods I. Indeed, those pressing for academic excellence in our schools can find great encouragement in the farsighted proposals now being offered by such articulate leaders as Dr. Carl Hansen, Superintendent of Schools for the District of Columbia. His counterpart can surely be found in many other communities which have awakened to the crisis in education. Nonetheless there is still cause for alarm. The *New York Times* recently quoted a deputy superintendent of education for the State of Florida thus: "The training of our youth in sound practices in the operation of motor vehicles . . . is as important as learning to read." Some high schools teach poster painting, tap dancing, clay modeling. An Australian educator visited a California high school and was perplexed to see the peculiar classroom arrangement: a boy and a girl facing each other across the tables. He was informed that it was a credit course in "social contacts"! Yale University refused admission to a boy who ranked among the top three in his class in a large Indiana high school. Asked for an explanation, the admissions office pointed to his record: the hard-core subjects were hardly discernible in a profusion of courses like band, shop, life planning, stagecraft, effective living and glee club. A very few years ago, a high school principal explained his theory: "Anything that is a learning experience is a credit course." Perhaps these experiences in learning and effective living are valuable acquisitions, but must they be realized in multi-million dollar buildings and during valuable school hours?

If the American people would refrain from burdening the schools with social problems which more properly belong elsewhere, costly "experience"

courses could be abandoned, and teachers, classrooms, time and dollars would be more abundant for sound educational programs.

How to Gain Two Years

Many critics of the American educational system complain that twelve years are entirely too long for elementary and secondary schooling. Even without radical changes, the time might be reduced if more serious attention were devoted to hard-core subjects and if distracting extracurricular activities were made truly subordinate. At least two years might be trimmed from the twelve year course if educators would accept more substantial changes. A growing number of people are suggesting a reduction of the summer vacation to six weeks, thus giving us a ten-and-a-half-month school year similar to that in western European countries. The present academic year was adopted to meet the demands of an agricultural economy and lingers on largely because of the controlling force of custom. The change recommended would have the effect of saving two classrooms out of every twelve and providing two new teachers—both serious needs.

There are a number of other compelling reasons for the adoption of plans to eliminate two years from the pre-college education program. First, during the long summer vacation much knowledge gleaned in the previous months becomes dim so that come September, days and even weeks of repetition must precede commencement of the year's proper subject matter. Second, the prevailing system is unfair to youngsters aspiring to enter medicine, law, or graduate work. In many instances these students will be thirty years of age before gaining security sufficient for a settled married life. The two princi-

pal reasons for drop-outs among Ph.D. candidates are marriage and finances. To allow this condition to persist is unwise under any circumstances; it is unconscionable today when military training demands two additional years from a young man's life.

Too Many in College

Twelve years ago Robert Sproul, president of the University of California, looked down on the uplifted, beaming faces of the thousands of incoming students, and greeted them with these opening words: "I think that there are 10,000 too many of you. You would all be happier if somehow 10,000 could go elsewhere." This bold advice has apparently been ignored in Berkeley as well as in other university towns. Each year more and more high school graduates decide that their immediate terrestrial happiness is to be discovered on some college campus. In 1930, only 12 per cent of American 18-year-olds were enrolled in colleges. A decade later the figure was 18 per cent, and in 1955 it had soared to 30 per cent. The corresponding figure in Britain is about 5 per cent.

Doctor Barnaby C. Keeney, president of Brown University, has observed that "if we were to cease admitting to a college most of the people who should not be admitted, we would not have twice as many students as we do but perhaps a third as many."

As to the ideal of universal college education—a goal devoutly desired by many people—Dennis Brogan, one of England's most perceptive observers of American society, says, "that is a prospect which horrifies me" because of the teacher shortage—"a problem very much ignored." "Anyone who has ever been a teacher knows perfectly well," he observed, "there will never be enough universal college teachers who are any good." Therefore, the grandiose plan "falls to the ground—it's not even an ideal—it's not even a balloon."

The very attempt to realize the so-called ideal has disastrous effects. Teachers find themselves devoting a major portion of each day not to the competent students but to the sub-average ones in exhausting efforts to help them reach a passing mark. Moreover, if all students are admitted

indiscriminately to the "hard" subjects, professors must water-down their courses and the capable young men and women suffer immeasurably in the watering process. Another expedient can be resorted to: develop a complete non-academic curriculum for the drones and the poorly gifted. That this expedient is being tried becomes manifest from a study of any number of college catalogues. The following credit subjects, together with their course numbers, are actually being given at the present time in many American state colleges: 374 Fundamentals of Band Instrument Repair; 136 Modern Dance; 245 Advanced Stunts and Tumbling; 315 Aquatics; 387 Community Recreation; 207 Canoeing and boating; 202 Group Games; 276 Tap Dancing; 279 Swedish Gymnastics; 325-326 Intermediate and Advanced Golf; 272 Badminton; 273 Advanced Badminton; 12 Theory of Baseball.

In his 1954-55 report from the Harvard Law School, Dean Edwin N. Griswold commented on the "startling examples" of transcripts presented by many recent applicants, transcripts wholly made up of such subjects as Salesmanship, Scene Design, State Lighting, Methods in Minor Sports, Theory of Play and Recreation.

Several years ago, a "hard" liberal arts school dropped one of its laggard student athletes, who forthwith entered a nearby teachers' college to prepare for a career as teacher and school baseball coach. Graduation with honors soon followed. His senior thesis? "The Theory of Bunting!"

The Taxpayer Pays

The above recital cannot but make the judicious grieve. It is not difficult to guess what it might do to the taxpayer already made truculent by the suggestion that the nation, which now spends 16 billions each year on education, should double this outlay. To educate a college student for one year costs the institution \$1,600, but no state university charges tuition that even approaches this figure. In several public institutions the cost to the student is less than \$150. The difference in actual cost and the fees collected is made up by the taxpayer. The average yearly expenditure per child for pre-college schooling is \$340.

Thus for every student in a public university learning to cook, dance, and golf, four youngsters might be accommodated in a grade school learning to read, write and figure.

If children are in overcrowded classrooms, if teachers are underpaid, perhaps the states themselves are largely to blame for spending their education dollars on students who have no business in any institution of higher learning. And if the states persist in such a practice, has the federal government any obligation to redeem them from pauperism?

The Classroom Shortage

It is perhaps true that a few impoverished states are definitely in need of federal aid in order to meet honest educational goals, but the facts and figures employed to demonstrate nation-wide need are calculated to engender deep skepticism. In 1954 the Office of Education predicted that classroom shortage would reach 470,000 by 1959, but when 1959 dawned this same office reported the shortage to be only 133,500. It seems strange that Minnesota should report a shortage of 4,174 classrooms while Wisconsin's modest estimate was a low 379. It is difficult to believe that the need in Alabama is ten times that of Arkansas—11,936 to 1,200. More puzzling still are the figures from Michigan. This state reported that between 1956 and 1958 its classroom shortage had risen by 7,817 and its enrollment by 148,000. Yet during this period, according to the same report, Michigan built 8,227 classrooms—enough to accommodate 230,356 children at the ratio of 28 pupils per room.

These bewildering calculations reflect unfavorably on the criteria used and perhaps on the competency of the calculators. Actually the Office of Education simply accepts the computations made by local school superintendents whose yardsticks are sliding "optimums," "maximums" and "minimums." Is the "optimum" space-allowance for high school classrooms the 115 square feet of today's designer or will the 54 square foot room of a generation ago be tolerable? Is the "maximum" number of pupils per room 28, 30, or 32? There is magic in the formulae elected, for upon their mystic incantation "needs" evolve and "needs" evanesce. In 1958 a school



superintendent in Maryland revealed that to reduce the size of each classroom in his county by only one pupil would require three new schools and 49 more teachers. Such legerdmain would cost over \$2,725,000 for the first year alone.

But even if the figures given be accepted as representing real school needs, there is a strange inconsistency in using them to advocate bills currently before Congress. Forty-five per cent of the shortage of classrooms and 54 per cent of the teacher shortage is reported from the fifteen wealthier states, including California, Michigan, New York. However, if the Murray-Metcalf bill were adopted, these fifteen states would lose almost three-fourths of a billion dollars in the fourth year of the law's operation. New York State alone stands to lose \$259 million. Thus it is hardly fair to include figures of shortages in New York in order to emphasize the need of federal "aid" to education across the nation. This is like adding up all the sick in California to prove the need for a foreign aid health bill for Liberia!

Home Economics Applied

In any discussion of this matter, it must never be forgotten that begging, like borrowing, dulls the edge of husbandry. The following admonition penned by Woodrow Wilson in 1884 merits attention today. After lamenting the sad "moral effects" which render "state administrations less self-reliant and efficient, less prudent and thrifty, by accustoming them to accept subsidies . . . from the federal coffers," Wilson made these timely observations:

It is due to the moral influences of this policy that the states are now turning to the common government for aid in such things as education. Expecting to be helped, they will not help themselves. Certain it is that there is more than one state which, though abundantly able to pay for an education system of the **greatest** efficiency, fails to do so, and contents itself with imperfect makeshifts because there are immense surpluses in the national treasury which, rumor and unauthorized promises say, may be distributed amongst the states in aid of education. If the federal government were more careful to keep apart from every local scheme of improvement, this culpable and demoralizing state policy could scarcely live. States would cease to wish, because they would cease to hope, to be stipendiaries of the government of the Union, and would address themselves with diligence to their proper duties, with much benefit both to themselves and to the federal system.

But to return to the main thesis of this article: Is there any guarantee that by channeling federal dollars into the present school structure, education will improve? Or is it not likely that such money will merely help perpetuate an unaltered system badly in need of serious revamping from kindergarten to college? Will federal grants be used to aid education or will they become continuing supports for legions of life adjustment courses and social service centers having only gossamer connections with education? Is it not just possible that the dollar pinch, unrelieved by any ill-advised paternal benevolence, will force a vigorous reappraisal of the American system and help produce one which is more effective and less costly?

Proponents of federal aid to education will no doubt take umbrage at

these remarks in the name of "the people's right to education." A retort written a hundred years ago by John Henry Newman to a similar charge is apposite here:

It must not be supposed that, because I so speak, therefore I have some fear of the education of the people. . . . All I say is, call things by their right names, and do not confuse together ideas which are essentially different. . . . Do not say, the people must be educated, when, after all, you only mean, amused, refreshed, soothed, put into good spirits and good humor, or kept from vicious excesses. . . . Stuffing birds or playing string instruments is an elegant pastime, and a resource to the idle, but it is not education.

Dennis Brogan seemed to echo this same indictment with his recent sardonic evaluation of a system which compels even the completely disinterested and incompetent youngsters to remain twelve years in school. He remarked:

They are kept off the labor market. They are taught to brush their teeth. They are given a number of useful habits which they might not acquire otherwise. The illusion is that they are getting what is called, in the old sense, an education. They are not.

The unbowed defendants of the American education system will no doubt return with the rejoinder that no school problem exists which money cannot remedy. The confidence of such blithe spirits might wane with a sobering observation. There never will be enough money—whatever the source, and no matter how multiplied—to gratify the omnivorous appetites that some influential educators can stimulate. Whatever else might be said of these educationists, they are inventive, imaginative, ingenious, and infinitely creative. With a little imagination Foods I can easily be broken down into several detailed courses: Pastries and Puddings 2, Hors d'Oeuvres 3, Advanced Foods 209. Recently one of the nation's most vocal and influential advocates of federal aid to education urged universal public nursery schools for all children aged three to six. The only barrier to the realization of such contriving is the want of funds. And moreover, even if such funds were granted, they would never quiet the restless spirits demanding them.

(Continued on p. 287)

Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Cancelled Visit

Khrushchev's cancellation of his Scandinavian visit has, naturally, engendered a crop of comments. A few "Kremlinologists" saw in it an ill omen for further East-West negotiations; however, there are numerous indications that all is not too well in the Soviet Union. During Khrushchev's last official visit to Finland a conspiracy against his leadership was quashed in its inception. A longer visit, to all three Nordic powers, might result in a similar attempt. And a prematurely interrupted diplomatic jaunt, to attend to domestic difficulties, would play havoc on the propaganda front.

In the Soviet Union, as in every dictatorship by gang, there always exists the threat of a sudden combination of ambitious (or offended) men against the leader. Moreover, there are deeper reasons for profound uneasiness. Khrushchev's recent order to install political (i.e., party) advisers in every enterprise dealt a blow to the managerial class, where party affiliation is by no means the rule. It demonstrated his profound distrust of the new Soviet aristocracy, which faces life realistically—*sans* ideological prejudice or idealistic enthusiasm. An eyewitness of Khrushchev's conversations with a Western statesman two years ago, related how the Red Czar turned red under the collar, raised his voice, gesticulated, and furiously proclaimed that the laws of dialectic materialism assured the absolute victory of Communism. The interpreter had a difficult time keeping up. But behind Khrushchev stood a number of younger men in their thirties and forties, wearing grins simultaneously sheepish, apologetic and contemptuous—the typical disrespect of youth toward principles in which it no longer believes.

Living standards in the Soviet Union have risen, but the ideological armor is chinked. We should remember that an effective opposition in a totalitarian state arises only in a time

of comparative physical well-being. People need time to think; they will not rebel intellectually, emotionally, or even physically if their all-consuming problem is how to survive the next 24 hours. Yet the most effective (and, in the long run, fatal) opposition the Soviet system encounters comes from the intellectuals and artists; they have the biggest stake in freedom, more than the managers, and even more than the bureaucrats or the workers. (I omit the agricultural class whose resistance has entirely different causes.) Pressure on the part of novelists (rather than poets) has been so strong that Khrushchev was forced to attempt to harness it; e.g., his "mediating" stand toward Dudintsev. (Pasternak's frontal, uncompromising attack, naturally, proved to be too much; here a compromise was impossible.)

Writers out of Line

But the bloc of opposition (often called "revisionist") writers constantly increases; the last twelve months have produced a new wave of novels critical of various aspects of Soviet life. There was Galina Nikolajewa's *Struggle on the Way*, Daniel Granin's *After the Wedding*, and several others. The July number of *Novy Mir*, one of the three leading literary monthlies, contains a mischievously inquisitorial review of Kalinin's novel *The Brutal Ground*, a book which does not give a black-and-white picture of the Vlassov Army. As the critic, St. Zlobin, says furiously, "It does not mention a single crime of the Vlassov-men." But the monthly also publishes a long reply by Dementyev, *Novy Mir's* second-in-command, who exonerates the attacked author and, in addition, writes a splendid defense of a number of novels under fire for "revisionism," "objectivism," and "literary cleverness" (also a crime from the party point of view). A word appearing fre-

quently in this controversy is the relatively new expression, "humanism."

Literature, however, is not the only domain of dissent. (I am studying a literary textbook for Soviet secondary schools which abounds in references to liberty, referring to the heroes of early classic Russian poetry and fiction as "libertarian noblemen," a class factor if there ever was one!) We observe the same ferment in philosophy. Sometimes the revolutionary changes may have a "negative" character. The recent essay in *Voprosy Filosofii* "condemned" the Christian philosopher Solovyov who died 59 years ago, but that he was mentioned at all, and detailed attention given his ideas, is a sign of substantial progress.

Khrushchev Ignorant of West

This does not imply that we are well-embarked on the road to peaceful evolution in Russia and a satisfactory finale in Geneva. The West would be wiser for reading the recent report in the Bavarian daily *Muenchner Merkur* on Khrushchev's Polish trip by top reporter Ernest Halperin. The correspondent noted the incoherent babbling of a very tired and much-aged Khrushchev, but he warns that the intellectual powers of this former Ukrainian miner remain unimpaired. What frightened Halperin especially is the fact that this man, though a "shrewd operator," has no idea of the nature of the free world. Khrushchev believes, for instance, that working conditions in French mines today are as depicted in Zola's *Germinal*, written at the end of the nineteenth century. He is firmly convinced of the tenets of Marxism, and finds in them an absolute guarantee for victory in world conflict. Here, incidentally, is a short-circuit in Soviet thinking; for, according to Marx, the world revolution will succeed automatically, without military intervention. Halperin was equally horrified by the "simplicity" of Khrushchev's ideas, and his obvious ignorance of the West. "All this in a man," he added melancholically, "on whose shoulders rests today such a tremendous responsibility for the future of all mankind." A man, we would like to add, quite capable of igniting a major conflagration should his domestic and foreign policies fail.

Lord Russell's Slander

An American GI undergoing training in Europe for the defense of that continent wonders if Lord Russell knows the score.

J. D. FUTCH

Eighty-seven years have crowned the head of Lord Bertrand Russell with almost everything an ancient and venerable philosopher could wish—except discretion. And one of these days his fellow Liberals are going to have to do something about him, this decrepit but indestructible demigod of the intellectual demimonde.

The trouble with Bertie Russell—one trouble, anyhow—is that he can't keep anything to himself. *Furor loquendi, furor scribendi*. He gives away too many of the best secrets.

For example, there was the time when . . . well, have you ever wondered what *really* lies at the root of the relentless agitation for disengagement and disarmament, conferences and compromises, concession and cowardice? It all appears to be no more than a great welter of fright and innocent confusion that reigns among us. But Lord Russell told the whole story when he informed the public that it would be better for the West to fall to the Soviets by default than to face flame and horror in an atomic war. Admittedly, he said, the choice would be a painful one, but if the alternative lay between these two, surrender and Sovietization are preferable to fighting for what we are and for what we have.

Nothing else explains the drift of leftist thought in British foreign and military policy so well as the assumption that Bertrand Russell openly said what most of his comrades are either thinking or, unconsciously, have already taken for granted.

A few years back, when nearing eighty, Lord Russell made another observation, less sensational but equally portentous if it reflects, as it seems to, the response of the West's intellectual ruling class to the traditions of a civilization entrusted to its stewardship. Writing in *New Hopes for a Changing World*, Lord Russell challenged the pretensions of 2,500

years of Judaeo-Hellenic-Christian culture:

Some opponents of Communism are attempting to produce an ideology for the Atlantic Powers, and for this purpose they have invented what they call "Western Values." These are supposed to consist of toleration, respect for individual liberty, and brotherly love. I am afraid this view is grossly unhistorical. If we compare Europe with other continents, it is marked out as the persecuting continent. Persecution only ceased after long and bitter experience of its futility; it continued as long as either Protestants or Catholics had any hope of exterminating the opposite party. The European record in this respect is far blacker than that of the Mohammedans, the Indians or the Chinese. No, *if the West can claim superiority in anything, it is not in moral values, but in science and scientific technique.* [Italics added.]

Well, if our only claim to pre-eminence lay in scientific and technological achievement, we would spare everyone great bother and expense by applying to the Kremlin for admission to the Union as so many new Soviet Socialist Republics. But before this remark is accepted as historical doctrine, it will be worthwhile recalling that values *have* come to exist in the Western world such that when this culture dries up and blows away, men will sometimes say, "too bad" and remember that, after all, it gave the world more than juke boxes and tailfins, dehydrated milk and, at the last, a dehydrated mass society.

The Crisis in Faith

Religion, art, and statecraft have been the fields in which the Western spirit shone forth most gloriously, for in each of these the unique Western concern for the worth and destiny of individual men bore its best fruits. Ours being what Arnold J. Toynbee has called the post-Chris-

tian era, perhaps not many people are any longer in a position to understand what Christian faith was all about, or rather, to use Cardinal Newman's figure, to give *real* instead of *notional* assent to what it involves.

The purpose of all religious systems seems to be the explaining according to revelation and in transcendental terms how humanity happens to find itself in the straits it is in and how it can escape. It was the good fortune of the Occident to become the recipient of a faith which through its *mythos* of the Fall and the Redemption accounted for the bewildering and disastrous situation of man on the plane of individual sin and salvation, placing on particular men the burden of saving themselves from the consequences of corruption inherited from past generations and yet immediately their own.

To assist in this awesome task, the Christians called the Church into existence.

For some 1,700 years this was the faith and the institution that dominated—that *was*—the soul of Western man, whom it led to know great truths and whom it inspired to reach heights of artistic and intellectual achievement not touched by the ancients themselves, who were the founders of the West and, in the eyes of our forebears, the paragons of creativity and thought.

Any number of factors can be cited as having contributed to the destruction of the intellectual underpinnings of Christianity during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries—perhaps critically, as Toynbee suggests, an impatience with the bloodshed that grew out of the religious warfare and persecution that followed the 95 Theses, perhaps the *hubris* that overcame the learned as their grasp of nature's secrets widened—in any event, the Christian faith fell

into crisis early in the Enlightenment and has scarcely improved its position since.

Pope John XXIII, in calling the next ecumenical council of the Roman Catholic Church, has put down schism and disbelief as the twin roots of the evil. The real crisis of Christianity, however, betrays itself in the fact that no aesthetics, no political science, no philosophy of history or cosmology propounded within the framework of Christian dogma can be generally adopted. So far as the dominant trend in Western thought is concerned, Christianity is no longer an enemy; it is just irrelevant.

Western peoples and especially Americans are not so indifferent to Christianity as they were thirty years ago, when George Boas wrote that Christian faith has remained more or less a folk belief among vast numbers of people, while the thinkers (who fashion the ideas of the future) have abandoned it long since.

The theory of relativity and the *rationale* of modern art grew up without reference to Christianity, yet millions attend divine service weekly, even daily, without any keen appreciation of living on probation in a vale of tears, of their souls' actually hanging in the balance between Heaven and Hell—and still we all wear some kind of bathing costume at the beach for no other reason than that St. Paul would have thought it frightful not to.

The Decline of Art

Western art has had a history almost as brilliant as Christianity's and has fallen on even worse days. Huizinga said that religious faith, cultivation of art, and the panacea of social reform are our three avenues of escape from the ugliness of the world. And as many unquiet spirits, reluctant heirs of the Western heritage, have deliberately turned away from what we have been to toy with such grotesqueries as Zen Buddhism, others have thrown themselves into the vigorous and comparatively new discipline of art history and have discovered that Western art, from the Greek achievement through the eighteenth century, touched virtually every height of human beauty and dignity in this world and the next.

The realistic portrayal of the world

and acute perception of psychological truths about man—both of them comfortably antedating photography and Freud—tell only half the story; our art conceived also of a terrestrial paradise, and we see it in Giorgione and Poussin and the Arcadian painters of the French and Italian eighteenth century; and it ennobled man, raising him to the plane of the angels (perhaps the Fallen Angels); Michelangelo and Rembrandt showed how to do it.

This aspiration towards the noble and the ideal and more-than-earthly beauty—its last flowering came in music in Germany during the century reaching from Bach to Beethoven—has evidently proved too great a strain for the Western spirit to bear.



Lord Russell

The triumph of science has coincided with the murder of art. It has been easier to dissect color and light and form and to play with atonalities and dissonances than to prosecute the search for something ideal which "the apostolic succession of artists" carried on in their effort to catch the flash of the divine in man and the memory of Eden in his world.

This, we propose, is what Western art has been all about at least from the Parthenon frieze through the last quartet of Beethoven, and now that that 2,200-year cycle has been, why not say so with the contemporary painter Ben Shahn: "There is no moral reason why art ought to go on if it has nothing further to express. . . ."

Until we read the *Arabian Nights*

and something of the history of Haroun-al-Raschid we cannot, perhaps, fully appreciate what European standards of government were. In pointing to scientific accomplishment as the West's only noteworthy one, Lord Russell overlooked what the Greek and Roman concept of the citizen meant in raising the European spirit to the point it reached during antiquity. The same notion, revived in late medieval and Renaissance Italy and developed simultaneously in the cities of northern Europe, saved the Old World and America from becoming lands of slaves as the East has always been—the East which along with savage Africa is, significantly, enjoying such a vogue among the denigrators of Western traditions.

Protections against Despotism

The power of European rulers and states, whether ancient or medieval, whether kings or communes, has ever been hedged round with restrictions. A Caligula or an Ezzelino da Romano has always been the abhorred oddity among us; never, as in the Orient from Persia to Japan, simply another of many "bad" princes. And the individual has traditionally been invested with protections as well as burdened with duties. If these protections sometimes availed very little against injustice, they have on the whole been worth the trouble and have left Europeans considerably better off than the subjects of Asiatic despots. It is the fashion to belittle Charlemagne's court beside Haroun's—and yet mightn't it have been wiser to take one's chances, even so, at Aix-la-Chapelle in A.D. 800 than at Baghdad? Neither in those days nor in our own have individual rights been respected in Baghdad as Western men have grown accustomed to expect.

A danger signal went up during the French Revolution when the right and sanctity of the individual became the "Rights of Man" while heads rolled and blood flowed in the name of a new "liberty." The crisis announced itself as acute 160 years later with the promulgation of "Human Rights" in the age of the mass crematorium and the mass grave, the glass tube and the electric needle.

If it is never a healthy sign when

codification of aesthetics overshadows artistic achievement, it has likewise proved a disaster to the cause of individual freedom that its defense is relegated to the realm of verbalizing while the longtime villain in the story of Western liberty—governmental tyranny—recoups his power in the name of collective mass “democracy” and moves to undo everything accomplished from the overthrow of the Tarquins to the American Revolution.

The Role of Science

And then there is science. Our science. Our technology. It is all we really have to show for ourselves, according to Bertrand Russell.

Now, historians do ill to pin down dates and points when great epochs begin to end. How do we mark the beginning of the Renaissance? What does “modern history” mean? Where did “ancient history” stop? Or rather, where did ancient history “stop”?

Where and when did our culture begin to die? This one is no easier than the others, and few are likely to agree on the answer. Most people, in fact, will deny that we are dying. Our civilization, runs the story, has merely entered a new and promising phase of its development. We choose, though, to take the part of those who say that in rendering the achievement of the antique poets and St. Augustine and Dante and Bach meaningless to ourselves, we have killed the culture and the spirit from which arose every dream of beauty capable of moving us.

Did the end come when, with the near mastery of scientific technique coinciding with (and perhaps hastening) the degeneration of religious faith among the intellectual elite, it became irresistibly tempting to begin building Heaven on earth and, bringing things into more manageable proportions, to make men not saintly but comfortable? Grandeur and beauty had little usefulness in this enterprise and could easily be left to chase each other around baroque church ceilings if they pleased; according to the new dispensation nothing mattered, or matters, than that the comfortable and the materially useful should unite to save men from their destiny.

And now Bertrand Russell and his

friends suppose that God and beauty and Jeffersonian liberty are all dead and that wisdom, justice and kindness will triumph by themselves. But that only happens in *The Magic*

Flute. And today it is pretty well agreed that that story is more or less *à propos de rien*; we don't pay much attention to it, and we go only for the music.

Special Report

What's Really at Stake in Louisiana

DOUGLAS CADDY

Governor Earl Long—mentally damaged and facing new illnesses—is driving himself to what his doctors claim is certain death. He has suffered a series of strokes and a heart attack in recent fast-moving weeks; yet “Uncle Earl” insists he is going to wage a fighting and victorious campaign for re-election in the Louisiana December gubernatorial election. At stake are not only the political fortunes of many but control of the state's mammoth welfare system and of the state's delegation to the national Democratic Convention.

Louisiana today—after three different administrations of Earl Long—is the nation's biggest welfare state. Its budget now amounts to more than \$750 million a year (New York's, with a population five times greater, is \$2 billion); when Earl came to power again four years ago it was \$200 million a year. The federal government contributed \$170 million to “Uncle Earl's” budget in the fiscal year ending last June 30; during the current fiscal year Louisiana is expected to draw up to \$210 million in federal funds.

This gigantic program of welfare spending has earned for Earl Long the reputation of being “the best friend the poor people ever had,” a modern-day Robin Hood with the added twist that he operates from Nottingham Castle. Of every thousand Louisianians over 65 years of age, more than half (557) draw old-age pensions. The national average is 159 per thousand. Thirteen state hospitals give free care to 150,000 to 200,000 poor—mainly Negroes—a year. And the state also subsidizes shrimp festivals, runs a “World Dominoes Championship” and plows money into health resorts and other wasteful enterprises. No one can dish

out shrimp creole quite like Uncle Earl. As an example in patronage, the state civil service, which Long abolished in 1948, and Governor Kennan reinstated in 1952, today numbers 31,564. This is 27,000 more than when Long took office in 1956—a 500 per cent increase.

Taxes and Purges

To keep his budget in the black and still operate his welfare state, Long taxes business heavily. Companies dealing in oil, sulphur and other natural resources pay a fantastic \$130 million each year through severance taxes. Leases and royalties are good for more than \$100 million.

Long, like his late brother Huey, has surrounded himself with trusted “yes men” and political advisers. But unlike Huey, who relied on extremists and opportunists, Earl manages to keep his associates under strict control; the slightest show of loss of loyalty on their part results in instant dismissal, as witness the wholesale purges which followed his release from Texas and Louisiana mental hospitals.

Under Louisiana law a governor cannot succeed himself. But Earl claims to have found a loophole. All he has to do, he says, is to resign before the September 15 deadline for filing for office and let the lieutenant governor run things for three months.

Earl's campaign style has probably never had a precedent nor an equal in American political history. When, in one of the five speeches he delivered on July Fourth, Earl's false teeth popped out of his mouth, he unflinchingly shoved them back in and continued to rouse the crowd. Even the disgusting Roosevelt Hotel

incident (which many newspapers could not bring themselves to print) caused embarrassment only to on-lookers.

Gubernatorial Race

The five candidates who have announced for the gubernatorial election are: Governor Long; former Governor Jimmy Davis, the "cajun" country hillbilly singer who went to Hollywood and made a movie while serving his term in the executive mansion; Mayor "Chep" Morrison of New Orleans, a bright young Liberal defeated by Long in 1956; state Comptroller William J. Dodd; and state Senator "Willy" Rainach, longtime foe of Governor Long in the state legislature.

Barring sudden death or unforeseen event, the gubernatorial race will shake down into a duel between Governor Long and state Senator Rainach. "Singing" Jimmy Davis—although a former governor—is given little consideration; Mayor Morrison is a Catholic, a one-time loser and, more important, a New Orleansian (a candidate from New Orleans, a predominantly Catholic city, has never made inroads in the northern half of the state which is overwhelmingly Protestant); Comptroller William Dodd, like Davis, is given little chance of making a showing.

In Rainach, Long has a tough opponent. Since 1954 Rainach has been Chairman of the Joint Legislative Committee on Segregation in the state legislature. He is the founder and past chairman of the Louisiana Association of Citizens Councils and, until his candidacy, was the Chairman of the Citizens Councils of America. Having completed twenty years in the Louisiana legislature, the Senator is known throughout the state and much of the South.

Organized labor long ago marked Rainach as a foe. During the 1954 session of the state legislature, Senator Rainach led the successful fight to enact a Right-to-Work bill. The bill was passed but Earl Long forced its repeal when he became governor in 1956.

It is estimated that until recently there were over 30,000 unqualified names on the voter registration lists and these formed a backbone of Long support. Under Louisiana law

the registration of a voter may be legally challenged by any other two voters. In the last year Senator Rainach and his legislative committee toured the state, examining the voting lists in each parish (county), and challenged the voters who failed to meet the necessary requirements. Numerous instances were discovered where names had been forged; non-existent persons listed; and whole families registered, some members of which were under age. The Rainach committee successfully purged the registration lists of thousands.

Governor Long tried a countermove in the state legislature which was called this year to consider fiscal matters only. He successfully forced the Senate Affairs Committee to tag a "fiscal" label to a measure he proposed which would liberalize voter registration laws and destroy the work done by Rainach. Long won in committee but when the bill was reported to the floor of the Senate, just before his breakdown, the "fiscal" tag was removed in a crucial 19 to 13 vote. This was a crushing defeat for Governor Long and means he now has to get the permission of three-fourths of the members of the both houses to reintroduce the bill. The legislature has adjourned but Long has called a special session to meet August 10. He will try then to get his voter registration bill through in time to effect the December primary, but his chances of success appear dim. In fact, the anti-Long faction has indicated that it will use the session for the introduction of impeachment proceedings against the Governor.

The Right-to-Work Issue

COPE (The AFL-CIO Committee on Political Education) has pledged its support to Governor Long in the coming gubernatorial campaign because labor knows that if Rainach defeats Long, a new Right-to-Work bill will be forced through the legislature.

The membership of citizens councils in Louisiana, which Rainach founded, is now about 25,000. Each member is a potential precinct worker for Rainach. Since his home is in northern Louisiana, Rainach is assured of tremendous support from that half of the state. In addition, 55 per

cent more people in south Louisiana voted for a segregation amendment to the state Constitution in a recent off-election than voted for Robert Kennan when he was elected governor in 1952. This means, so say observers, that Rainach, despite the split between the northern and southern halves of the state, has great potential strength in the populous south.

Another element, which makes prediction difficult, of course, is Governor Long's health. This is one reason he is finding difficulty in rallying his old supporters together. He has allowed no official medical statement to be issued on the status of his health but it is rumored that, in addition to the strokes and heart attack he has already suffered, he has a malignant brain tumor which causes progressive loss of his powers of concentration. In the event that he dies before the September 15 filing deadline, there is no doubt that the Long forces will still enter a candidate in the gubernatorial race. With equal certainty it is known that this candidate would be Senator Russell Long, the Governor's nephew.

Senator Long is perfectly acceptable to COPE. In fact, he is its first choice but obviously can't run as long as his Uncle Earl is in the race. Russell, like Governor Long, opposes any Southern walkout from the Democratic Presidential Convention. If the Senator does replace Earl as the machine's candidate, Mayor Morrison of New Orleans will withdraw from the gubernatorial campaign after endorsing Senator Long, and then run for the senatorial seat vacated by Russell. Local politicians say an agreement to this effect has already been reached.

The role of the Louisiana delegation to the Democratic National Convention could be crucial if the delegation is in the hands of States Righters. If Senator Rainach—a confirmed States Righter and segregationist leader—is elected to the governorship, he will go uncommitted to the Los Angeles Convention and would be prepared if he deemed it necessary to bolt the convention. With a dynamic, strong Louisiana governor leading the way, other Southern delegations might follow. Certainly Southern voters will pressure them from home to do so.

Principles and Heresies

FRANK S. MEYER

Success and Failure in the Modern World

In the general collapse of standards today, success in the eyes of the world has largely lost connection with the integrity of the person and with an objective estimate of the value of his activities. The ballyhoo of the "mass-communications industry," reflecting the needs and modes of the Establishment of which it is an essential instrument, clouds counsel and substitutes constructed public myths for analysis and examination.

Public success and intrinsic worth, it is true, have never coincided more than approximately. It is not the imperfection of the world that is new; what is new is the almost total absence of critical standards among the leading sections of society by which to judge the worth, not of this or that personality, but of the entire process whereby "success" is established.

The Element of the Racket

At another time a vulgarian like Harry Truman might have risen to a position of great power, but he would not have been received by scholarly circles as a fount of political thought. An attorney Welch might have swayed the passions of a courtroom or a mob, but he would not have been accepted as the epitome of honorable sensitivity by an elite which prides itself upon discrimination. An Albert Schweitzer might have been the idol of a sentimental sect, but never a model of perfection in man, urged upon the admiration of the West for a sanctity shared only with Gandhi. Or, for that matter, although in happier times a Norman Cousins might have achieved a modest measure of success jerking tears from the subscribers to circulating libraries, he could never have become an arbiter of literature. Imagine him as editor of the *Edinburgh Review* or of the *North American Review*.

No, there is a frighteningly large

measure of truth in Ben Stolberg's dictum: "In every success in the modern world there is an element of the racket." And, it might be added: in every "failure" of men who by the traditional standards of the West have been anything but failures, there is too strong an element of integrity for the mass-minded leaders of society to stomach. There is, in short, a fatal lack of racketry.

This melancholy conclusion, which has forced itself upon me as I have reflected upon one after another public incident in the past few years, has been dramatically brought home in recent weeks. In the public pillorying of Lewis Strauss and his eventual rejection by the Senate, a constant contrast presented itself to the discerning. For, although the name of Robert Oppenheimer was only occasionally mentioned, what was at stake was a decision between Admiral Strauss and Professor Oppenheimer; and Strauss' "failure" was Oppenheimer's success.

"Success" of Dr. Oppenheimer

Professor Oppenheimer, by his own admission as well as by the testimony of his peers, arrogantly and in despite of all loyalty to his country and his civilization, bent his every effort to prevent the development of the presently decisive military weapon, the hydrogen bomb, by the United States. Yet he has been able widely and successfully to present himself, and to be presented, as a sage—indeed almost a saint, second only to Albert Schweitzer—who confronts the complex problems of our scientific age with the patience and humility of wisdom.

Reith lecturer in England, William James lecturer in America, contributor to innumerable journals (including the *Sewanee Review*, which had previously maintained a certain reputation among our critical quarterlies for piety towards traditional norms),

he has suffered no diminution of glamour from the tawdriness of his actions—neither from his admission of deliberate and material lying at a juncture vital to the security of his country nor from his long and never seriously regretted sympathetic association with the enemies of his country. Such is the physiognomy of one of the great "successes" of our time.

"Failure" of Admiral Strauss

Consider, then, the obverse of the medal: the "failure" of Admiral Lewis L. Strauss. A man of solid principle (whose record of private achievement and public service contrasts in the sharpest way with the record of manipulation, cabal, and evasion of reality which Robert Oppenheimer has built upon the foundation of his undoubted intellectual power), Admiral Strauss has, to his temporal misfortune, displayed in the controversies of recent years the cardinal virtues of character and integrity.

As Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, he saw to the heart of the peril that threatened his country and acted upon that insight, in the teeth of the disapproval and sabotage of the Establishment that Oppenheimer represented. His steadfast resistance to the campaign to stop American nuclear development (successor to the earlier campaign to prevent American development of the hydrogen bomb) forced him out of the AEC. As Secretary of Commerce awaiting confirmation, he showed the same understanding of the realities of Communism that had characterized his work on the AEC; he resisted all pressures to develop "trade" with the Soviets, that is, to allow the power of American industry to be used to solve key technological and industrial problems of the Communist enemy.

Because his character, his integrity, his understanding enabled him to hew to these courses, despite the ostrich-like fashion for coexistence that prevails today, he was driven from public life and made the symbol of unenlightened obscurantism. Admiral Strauss is, by the lights of our world, a "failure."

What, then, shall we think of our world? And by whom can it be redeemed but by its "failures"?

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

Anti-Intellectual Philanthropy

Mr. Jacques Barzun, Provost of Columbia University, has published an admirable book: *The House of Intellect* (Harper, \$5.00). There are in it so many sound observations that I cannot even undertake here to summarize them; I suggest only that readers of this page have read similar opinions of your servant's herein. Mr. Barzun is on the editorial board of *Partisan Review*, while I am editor of *Modern Age*—which suggests that persons of quite different political opinions are marching, though not in step, against the camp of the Philistine educationists.

Indulge me in a few samples of Mr. Barzun's vigorous prose. In his chapter "Instruction without Authority," he writes, "Is the school a place of teaching or of psychologizing? Is it to prolong vicariously the parents' love of innocence and act out their dream of good society, or is it to impart literacy? . . . To encompass such ends the school must know what it wants, not in the form of vague private or public virtues, but in the form of intellectual powers. It must stop blathering about sensitivity to the needs of others, and increasing responsibility for bringing about one world, and say instead: 'I want a pupil who can read Burke's *Speech on Conciliation* and solve problems in trigonometry.'"

And here he is on the ossified, doctrinaire social Liberalism which dominates our teachers' colleges:

This is the wickedness of the philanthropists, that they invoke the force of the group, on top of their own, to achieve something that no one has given them license to attempt. One may say that their tampering with the child's personality is saved from guilt because their goal remains vague and their effort largely unsuccessful. But imagine an explicit program, political or religious, and a corps of teachers more than gushingly dedicated to it, and you would have an irresistible machine for warping both mind and character.

It would of course take genuine

intellectuals to organize for work while concealing their hand. At present, our "liberal" teachers' college products show but the bare makings of a totalitarian force—the zeal for inducing "the right attitude"; a thick-skinned intolerance toward all who doubt or criticize so much goodness; and a special language, a flatulent Newspeak, which combines self-righteousness with a permanent fog, so that its users are invulnerable—others abide our question, they are free.

The politics of the adjustment curriculum, at any rate, are clear: it is manipulation by sentiment and dubious authority, exercised by the least educated and the most vapid minds of the nation.

Such is Mr. Barzun's opinion of the heirs of Dewey and Kilpatrick.

In the books of the National Education Association, the name of Barzun now is writ large as a Fascist and an Enemy of the Public Schools: this despite the fact, of course, that Mr. Barzun is inveighing against the totalist, intolerant—Fascist, if you will—domination of our public schools by these dreary folk.

Philanthropy and Decadence

In our time, Provost Barzun writes, three great forces of mind and will have become enemies of Intellect: these are Art, Science and Philanthropy. I find his discussion of the anti-intellectualism of Philanthropy particularly telling. The "philanthropic gestures" of our century, he suggests, are symptoms of decadence. "The signs of these effusions are unmistakable—easy indignation, the throb of pity, portentous promises, and still more generally: vague words, loose thoughts." He tears to ribbons that Museum of Modern Art publication which so delighted enthusiasts for One World, *The Family of Man*: "The theme of copulation is frequently repeated, notably as a restorative after the half-dozen pages devoted to schoolwork."

In two chapters, "The Folklore of

Philanthropy" and "Philanthropic Businessmen and Bureaucrats," Professor Barzun badgers the great charitable foundations. At best, out of the hundreds of American foundations, a half-dozen are more or less innocent of the charges which Mr. Barzun brings against the breed. The foundations are killing the Intellect with a sort of malicious, envious, supercilious kindness.

Here is Mr. Barzun on the barbarous positivism of the representative foundation-bureaucrat: "The principle of compulsory newness is an offshoot of school creativity and utopianism. I have heard an official call his foundation's grants the 'venture capital of social change.' He was devout in the belief that his chosen projects were helping remake the country and the world; the recipients of funds were evangelists, though being scientific they were without a gospel, and the foundations had only the dogma of rationalized habit. . . . Applicants hampered by sober ideas must impart to them an apocalyptic glow, and men engaged in recognizable activities need not apply."

And—heresy of heresies—Mr. Barzun is both amused and annoyed at Soviet-American cultural exchanges, the doctrines of Togetherness, United Nations Day, and People-to-People projects, upon which undertakings the foundations delight in lavishing their funds. "Art is now an instrument of national policy in the ideological war. Though the Russians launched a durable satellite before us, we retaliated with the pianistic prowess of Mr. Van Cliburn. . . . The descent from world conferences through subsidized art to the wordless communion of hockey and dancing suggests the next step, which is sexual congress. It is not new and needs no subsidy, but it shows—since it is an ancient people-to-people device—that world peace is not to be attained even by ecstatic effusions of good will."

As Mr. Barzun observes in his opening pages, the word "intellectual" long has been a term of derogation in English, at least as a noun of persons. But Provost Barzun has shown himself an intellectual in the honorable signification of that perplexed word. *The House of Intellect* ought to let some daylight into the cobwebbed Liberal imagination of our time.

» BOOKS · ARTS · MANNERS «

Challenge to Keynes

MURRAY N. ROTHBARD

For most people, economics has ever been the "dismal science," to be passed over quickly for more amusing sport. And yet, a glance at the world today will show that we pass over economics at our peril. The influence of economic ideas on human history, especially political history, has been momentous; how different would be the lives of all of us if Karl Marx had never lived and spun his fatal vision! In the twentieth century, the most influential economist has been John Maynard Keynes, who swept the world of economics like an avalanche in 1936 with his *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, his teachings quickly becoming a new, entrenched economic orthodoxy.

Now Henry Hazlitt, in a vitally important and desperately needed new book, *The Failure of the "New Economics"* (Van Nostrand, \$7.50), throws down the challenge in a detailed, thoroughgoing refutation of the *General Theory*. Anyone tempted to scoff at this debate as simply a tempest in an abstract academic teapot, unrelated to the current practical world, might ponder such statements as these, which can be found, unquestioned and unchallenged, in almost any news magazine or newspaper column: "we need no longer worry about a depression, because now government knows how to cure it—with deficit spending and 'built-in stabilizers'"; "the government's X billion dollars of military spending is a useful prop to the economy"; "business will improve in the next quarter because government intends to grant more contracts and run a larger deficit"; "to check the threat of inflation, the government should impose high taxation to sop up excess purchasing power"; "the government's main economic duty is to stabilize the economy and insure full employment"; "in contrast to the capitalism of the nineteenth century, which emphasized thrift and production, our modern capitalism depends for its prosperity on consumer demand."

These are the common coin of the land, to such an extent that they are now virtually "non-controversial," accepted by both political parties. And yet, they are not primeval truths, but mischievous fallacies, every one of them introduced into the modern world by Lord Keynes and his disciples.

How was the Keynesian Revolution

accomplished? How was this mare's nest of discredited Mercantilist fallacies put over? In the first place, by intellectual intimidation. The old fallacies were dressed up by Keynes in such a wilderness of unclear writing and pretentious jargon, in such a bewildering morass of queer concepts, that the Keynesian disciples claimed to be the only ones able to understand the Master. And they trumpeted Youth on their side. The older economists were cowed by newer lights who arrogantly proclaimed that no one over thirty-five was competent to understand the New Economics. Paul A. Samuelson has written of his joy at being under thirty-five when this New Revelation was announced to the world. And as their Master they had an eminent, aristocratic Englishman, witty, charming, and thoroughly irresponsible.

In their conquest, the Keynesians were aided by two other factors. For one thing, the world, inclined ever more toward statism, was looking for an economic theory which would at last make government spending and

inflation respectable, while making private thrift and *laissez faire* capitalism anathema in their ancient home—among the economists. Secondly, the "neo-classical" economic theory taught at Cambridge (Keynes' home) and also in America, *did* have important gaps: in failing to integrate monetary theory and general economics, in lacking an adequate theory of the business cycle. For these reasons, the conquest was absurdly easy.

BUT THE real *trahison des clercs* came, not so much from Keynes and the Keynesians, nor from the older neo-classical economists, as from those economists who knew better, and who capitulated, for one reason or another, to the new orthodoxy. These were the economists trained in the "Austrian school," headed in this century by Ludwig von Mises who had brilliantly filled in the gaps of the older tradition and had shown that the causes and the remedies of the business cycle and unemployment were almost exactly the opposite of what Keynes was to preach.

This Misesian theory, which revealed the depression to be the inevitable burden imposed on the economy by the preceding inflationary boom, and unemployment to be caused by excessive union-imposed and government-imposed wage rates, was beginning to get a hearing in Britain and even in America just before the *General Theory* was published. But when the Keynesian sweep occurred, the bulk of the economists in Britain and the United States, who had been trained in the Austrian tradition, surrendered to the newly reigning fashion without a fight. It was not simply the shock of the Great Depression, by the way, that drowned out the Austrian theory, for that theory had been gaining acceptance precisely as an explanation for the Depression.

This, then, was the critical betrayal of the intellectuals: that Henry Hazlitt's magnificent *The Failure of the "New Economics"* was not written twenty years ago by one of those

"Austrian" economists—by a Lionel Robbins or a Gottfried von Haberler. If this had been done, the whole history of our time would have been different. But there is no use in crying over spilt milk. This is a great book, the best and most thorough exercise in economic demolition since Boehm-Bawerk (himself one of the founders of the "Austrian School") exploded Marx's labor theory of value.

Keynes' *General Theory* is here riddled chapter by chapter, line by line, with due account taken of the latest theoretical developments. The complete refutation of a vast network of fallacy can only be accomplished by someone thoroughly grounded in a sound positive theory. Henry Hazlitt has that groundwork. An "Austrian" follower of Ludwig von Mises, he is uniquely qualified for this task, and performs it surpassingly well. It is no exaggeration to say that this is by far the best book on economics

published since Mises' great *Human Action* ten years ago. Mises' work set forth the completed structure of the modern "Austrian" theory. Hazlitt's fine critique of Keynes, based on these principles, is a worthy complement to *Human Action*.

Henry Hazlitt, a renowned economic journalist, is a better economist than a whole host of sterile academicians, and, in contrast to many of them, he is distinguished by courage: the courage to remain an "Austrian" in the teeth of the Keynesian holocaust, alongside Mises and F. A. Hayek. On its merits, this book should conquer the economics profession as rapidly as did Keynes. But whether the currently fashionable economists read and digest this book or not is, in the long run, immaterial; it will be read, and it will destroy the Keynesian System. At the very least, there is now a new generation under thirty-five, to bring this message to fruition.

The Bard of Bromsgrove

FRANCIS RUSSELL

ACCORDING to the blurb on the centennial edition of the *Complete Poems of A. E. Housman* (Holt, \$4.00), when he died in 1936 he was "universally acknowledged the greatest English poet of the day." The only acknowledgers I knew then, however, resembled Miss Stevie Smith's Monsieur Poop with his refrain:

I perfectly apprehend the perilous nature of my convictions
And I am prepared to go to the stake
For Shakespeare, Milton,
And, coming to our own times,
Of course
Housman.

My generation, marshaled on the farther shore of the Waste Land by the quartet that Roy Campbell later unified to MacSpaunday, could never mention *A Shropshire Lad* except derisively. That word "lad"! I think it was W. H. Auden who wrote that Housman "kept tears like dirty postcards in a drawer."

Sometimes even in the days of the Popular Front I would glance furtively at the familiar poems, savoring the word-magic of the phrases

while feeling rather like a solitary drinker. I had first come across *A Shropshire Lad* when I was sixteen in the half crown edition that I bought at the Messenger Office on Bromsgrove's High Street. The manager there said it had been written by an old Bromsgrovian.

Reading that small leather-bound book afterwards at my cousin Edith's, I had my first experience of a poet's emotion being reflected in my own. That summer I learned most of *A Shropshire Lad* by heart; I recited the lines to myself as I rode on the bus to Birmingham, as I walked down the High Street, as I took the dog for a walk after tea. I didn't know much about poetry, but I knew what I liked. Later, when the melancholy notes of St. Mary Woolnoth had drowned out the bells on Bredon and I began to learn what I ought to like, I should almost as soon have confessed to an admiration for "Mandalay" or "For to Admire" as *Last Poems* and *A Shropshire Lad*.

Bromsgrove seemed a queer place for a pastoral poet to be born in. It suggested Axminster carpets (actual-

ly, in the mid-nineteenth century it was a center for the manufacture of nails). Except for the purpose of lyric poetry, though, the name suited it very well, for it is one of those small Midland towns with Clyde Roads and Jubilee Terraces and monkey-puzzle trees and a permanence of smooth-faced brick, the whole like an offshoot of the Albert Memorial.

Shropshire and the Welsh marches are not visible from Bromsgrove. The most romantic evening view in the fading west is that of the crenellated towers of the county lunatic asylum. Ludlow itself lies a good thirty-five miles away. Lovely medieval hill-town that the latter is, with the ruined castle in which *Comus* was first performed and the parish church—like a small cathedral—where Housman's ashes are buried, it never really concerned Housman. I doubt if he was ever more than a casual visitor to Ludlow, Shrewsbury, the site of Uriconium, the quietly named villages of his verse. An ordnance map would have served him as well; may indeed have served him, for it was in a dream county of his own inner creation that the Bromsgrove boy became the Shropshire lad. His contrived Shropshire was in a sense a reaction to the unhappy memories of his sordid Bromsgrove environment. Just how sordid this household was under its disintegrating alcoholic father I had not realized until I read George L. Watson's conjectural biography (*A.E. Housman: A Divided Life*, Beacon, \$4.50).

HOUSMAN's life was reserved to the point of mystery. At Oxford as a classical scholar he seemed on the way to a brilliant academic career. But at the very end, inexplicably, he failed his examination for Greats, so complete a failure that the bewildered authorities could not even grant him a pass degree. Then followed an obscure decade in London as a clerk in the patent office. Evenings he continued his studies, over the years preparing articles for the *Classical Review*, the *Journal of Philology*, etc., of such scholarly distinction that when the Chair of Greek and Latin fell vacant at University College, London, he was the unanimous choice to fill it. Eighteen years later he became Kennedy Professor

of Latin at Cambridge where he remained for the last twenty-six years of his life, austere, unapproachable, waspish, storing up derogatory remarks in a notebook for critics who might offend him.

When *Last Poems* appeared in 1922, he wrote in the preface of "the continuous emotional excitement under which in the early months of 1895 I wrote the greater part of my first book." In *A Divided Life* Mr. Watson has attempted to clarify those early months of 1895, a similar excitement that Housman must have been under in 1922 when he wrote a quarter of his *Last Poems*, and the academic failure of 1881. The solution to all three he finds in Housman's attachment to his college friend Moses Jackson, a friendship ordinary enough on the surface, but into which Housman poured his whole emotional self. That Jackson ever realized the depth and intricacy of his friend's restrained feelings is dubious. But Housman's own realization toward the close of his Oxford career resulted in his partial breakdown and in the examination debacle. An interesting corroboration of this theory was found after Housman's death in an old newspaper clipping on the suicide of a Woolwich cadet he had inserted next to the poem "Shot? so quick, so clean an ending?", its obvious inspiration.

Moses Jackson eventually went to India where he became Principal of Sind College. His younger brother Adalbert remained in London, assuming in time almost the status of Moses in Housman's friendship. Adalbert's sudden death in 1892 was, according to Mr. Watson, a muffled shock that "set off that devious powder-train which exploded just over two years later, in *A Shropshire Lad*."

By 1922 Jackson had emigrated to a farm in Vancouver, and was already showing signs of the disease that would be fatal in the following year. That ultimate knowledge and the renewed bond that it brought about is, in Mr. Watson's opinion, the source of Housman's final period of poetic inspiration. "You are largely responsible for my writing poetry and you ought to take the consequences," Housman wrote to Moses in an autographed copy of *Last Poems* that he sent to the hospital bed in Vancouver.

After that there remained nothing more than the dirge he composed in 1925, "For My Funeral."

Nothing of this was known in Housman's lifetime except to his most immediate circle, and nothing in that Midland town of his boyhood. Nevertheless, a tenuous Housman legend persisted in Bromsgrove. My cousin Edith's husband was of the generation before me. His father, still alive, had gone to the local dame school with Lawrence Housman. During that



A. E. HOUSMAN: "... a poet of a silver age, a classicist in unclassical times, closest in spirit to the Greek Anthology."

summer I would sometimes visit the old man on a bright afternoon when he sat out on the terrace with his dog, and try to get him to talk. His mind was a jumble of irrelevant memories—the price of butter and the wages of farm laborers in the eighties, a high October wind that once broke the churchyard elms, the famous twenty-week strike of the Bromsgrove nailmakers in 1871, the silk hats that London clerks used to wear. Eventually I would steer him into talking about the Housmans.

"Gamey lads they was," he'd tell me in his ancient voice. "Lived right across from my dad's house at Fockbury. They say Alfred was most famous in the end, but Lawrence was the friendliest. A real gentleman was Lawrence, kind-like he was, but Alfred was cold, never had much to do with anyone. Some used to say it was a Bromsgrove girl wouldn't have him, but I don't know. I remember him walking through Crown Close all by himself in the rain. You've read his poems? You know that one about Bredon Hill? Lawrence told me

people think it's Bredon near Worcester, but it's not at all. It's Bredon in Shropshire."

I remember the snarled veins that stood out like strands of wool under his withered knuckles, and I seem to remember the thin laughter before the old voice resumed. "There was Lawrence, the youngest, and Alfred, and Clemence and Kate, the two girls. Clemence wrote later, too, some book about a wolf. Then there was Basil who studied medicine and became a doctor here, and Robert, and young Herbert who got killed in South Africa. They had a rifle, the young ones, and good shots they were too, but mischievous-like. When the masons took the old chanticleer down off the church there was three bullet holes through its tail, and the carpenter said it was them devils of Housman boys done it. Why, I remember I sung in the choir at their grandmother's funeral, and then just a year later I stood in the same spot and sung by the graveside when they buried their mother. They were always part of Bromsgrove, the Housmans were."

WHEN I first came back to Bromsgrove on leave during World War II the old man was dead. The town was undamaged, though during blitz evenings my cousins had watched the glow of burning Birmingham from the upper windows. On Sunday when I went with them to morning service at St. John's I would notice again the tablet on the wall to the Boer War dead that included the name of Sergeant George Herbert Housman. There was a poignancy to the familiar name, not only because war was again about us but also because since Housman's death his imperfect *More Poems* had been published. I had always thought (contrary to Mr. Watson) that the earlier poem "Illic Jacet" was a tribute to the dead brother. In XL of *More Poems* the "name and a number recalled again" was certainly Sergeant Housman, the exile, the ranker, the sleeper under strange stars, leveled to a "number"—for in the British Army officers do not have numbers.

So ceases and turns to the thing
He was born to be
A soldier cheap to the King
And dear to me.

To set the record straight

Russell Kirk in a recent article in the *National Review* made several serious charges against Harry A. Overstreet, co-author of *What We Must Know About Communism*. Dr. Kirk based his charges on misquotations from Dr. Overstreet's earlier book, *The Great Enterprise*.

In a subsequent reply to Dr. Overstreet's protest that he had been misquoted, Dr. Kirk again quoted only a portion of the passage in question, again leaving the meaning open to misinterpretation.

To set the record straight, Dr. Overstreet's publishers offer a free copy of *The Great Enterprise* to the first 250 readers of the *National Review* sending in the coupon below.

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The subsequent stanza, like much of that posthumous book, was however a failure. Those middle lines came back to me with a much more personal note a few months later when my sister's young man was killed in North Africa.

Until the *Complete Poems* I had not seen the *Additional Poems* here included. They are a falling-off from the falling-off of *More Poems*, scraps from a great minor poet's notebook that might better have been discarded. Yet as a matter of history it is

perhaps as well to let them stand in the centennial edition. Mr. Eliot recently told an acquaintance of mine that he preferred Housman's poetry to Hardy's, a remark that few lesser than he would have been willing to make. It may well be a correct future judgment. To us in the thirties Housman was a flautist among the saxophones. We judged him as did Miss Stevie Smith. In reality he was a poet of a silver age, a classicist in unclassical times, closest in spirit to the *Greek Anthology*. That is at the least—permanent.

Not the Beam in His Own

JAMES BURNHAM

THERE ARE few chores more congenial to a vigorous professor than exposing the notes in his colleagues' ideas. Provided he respects the really serious taboos, he wins both ways: a satisfying reputation as iconoclast and a leg up the solidly-tenured academic ladder. Professor C. Wright Mills, in *The Sociological Imagination* (Oxford, \$6.00) wields so slashing a blade that by the time he reaches his last chapter scarcely a fellow sociologist's name is left upright, save for a few that occupy dominating niches in leading universities and foundations.

I would not minimize his public service. He has very ably ripped the armor off the meager frame of "abstracted empiricism." By this paradoxical conjunction Mr. Mills refers to those bureaucratic, expensive, IBM-indexed, "objective," sociological team-researches into trivialities. He delivers sound blows against the obsessive worship of Method that ends in the draining away of all significant content. He parries strenuously, though somewhat wide of the mark, with the "Grand Theory" that builds too intricate systems out of inflated terminology.

For these and other negations, Mr. Mills deserves much thanks. Toward the cleansing of the Augean desks of our social sciences we may welcome, indeed, every volunteer. And Mr. Mills' positive statement of the goals of social science is not unsympathetic: to track relations between private troubles and public issues, and of both to the social structures within which they have their historical meaning. But in spite of his very considerable

talent, which thrusts such books as *White Collar* and *The Power Elite* much above the dreary run of his profession, there is something profoundly wrong in Prof. Mills' posture.

It seems incredible—though the Biblical phrase reminds us how usual it is—that there is so little self-discernment in one so discerning of the weakness of others. How can a writer who so scornfully "translates" paragraphs of Talcott Parsons from jargon into English be content with the dried-out words and banal syntax of such of his own sentences as: "To clarify the syntactic and the semantic dimensions of such conceptions, we must be aware of the hierarchy of specificity under each of them, and we must be able to consider all levels of this hierarchy"? How can a thinker who has so deeply and so accurately cut through to the spongy core of bureaucratic team-research come to rest in the vulgar, neo-Marxian dregs of the Enlightenment which, drenching all Mr. Mills' rhetoric, reached saturation last year in that propagandist cesspool, *The Causes of World War Three*?

The trouble is not so much a matter of individual assertions. These, even if they are flatly true in isolation, remain unacceptable in context. Indeed, I find myself rejecting in Mr. Mills' books even a number of propositions that he might have borrowed from my own writings. But from Mr. Mills' pages there comes a pervasive Leftist stench that envelops the nourishing food along with the decayed.

Perhaps the explanation is the lack

of humility, and the even more palpable lack of a sense of humor. There is no modesty before God, man or idea, and never a smile in Mr. Mills'

grimly earnest prose. Without modesty or a sense of humor a man might conceivably understand others; but never, surely, himself.

The Dance—1959 Season

Mask, Matter or Man?

ERNESTINE STODELLE

JOURNALISTIC FANFARE, national anthems, sold-out houses and a display of brilliant dancing marked the first appearance on American soil of the Bolshoi Ballet. But neither brass nor gold nor the glitter of faultlessly executed classic *pas* could camouflage the nineteenth-century "cloak, sword and panache" style of acting in *Romeo and Juliet*, the opening night's production at the Metropolitan Opera House.

It takes more than a mastery of *adagio*, the virility of high leaps, or an exquisite *port du bras* combined with melodramatic pantomime expressing love, hate, fear and fury to recreate the characters and dramatic action of Shakespeare's great tragedy. Granted that the audience knows the famous story backwards, that the scenery and costumes reproduce veritable tableaux of Renaissance Verona, the task of the dancers who interpret the involved psychological drama of *Romeo and Juliet* is to make us believe in the truth of dramatic movement without the use of words. Faithful to a Shakespearean "score," they literally translated speech after speech in scene after scene, wordlessly making faces and striking attitudes to illustrate thoughts and feelings. In popular vernacular, actors who indulge in such grimaces are simply called hams. It was of this style of acting that Eleanor Duse said: "For the theater to be reborn all the actors must die of the plague."

IRONICALLY, while the Soviets were regressing into pre-pre-revolutionary histrionics, the Americans were preparing the premiere of a production, which, according to later reviewers, would rocket the ballet into outer space. *Episodes*, choreographed jointly by Martha Graham and George Balanchine, opened at the City Center Theater approximately two weeks later than *Romeo and Juliet*, to prove

that the creative imagination of the Americans can overtake any Sputnik in the atmospheric world of dance.

Within its own frame, however, *Episodes* is a controversial piece of theater. To introduce opposites to one another is a theatrical device that is bound to stimulate public curiosity. Even before the curtain went up on *Episodes* there was much speculation as to the artistic intention hidden in the City Center ballet-master's invitation to Martha Graham to collaborate with him on a ballet to be composed to the music of Anton Webern, the late Austrian composer noted for his polyphonic dissonances.

The name of Martha Graham is as far removed from classic ballet as



was Isadora Duncan's. Like Isadora, Graham is a dedicated idealist with a highly personal style. Dissatisfied with established forms of dancing, Graham has explored the emotional content of bodily movement and created a technique and form of expression uniquely her own. Her position as First Lady of America's Modern Dance is undisputed. Balanchine, on the other hand, is America's foremost ballet choreographer. As a master of design and revivifier of traditional masterpieces he has no equal.

The joint collaboration, therefore, was not a mixture of styles but a juxtaposition of absolutes. Graham's

section dealt with the human personality as an emotionally moving unit symbolized by the historical drama of Mary Stuart's last moment before her execution, while Balanchine's played games with the arms, legs, feet, heads and trunks of his dancers, departing as far as possible from the reality of the human being as a total personality. Thus, Graham painted a portrait in terms of the past while Balanchine, it would seem, pointed an ironic finger to a future era in human history when man's motion would be neither functional nor expressive but gravity-less windings and unwindings in space.

QUIETLY, during the same month, without brassy fanfare or polar differences in styles, a new concept of modern man was brought to life up at the Juillard School of Music. Zoltan Kodaly's *Missa Brevis*, written in 1945 and first performed in the cellar of a bombed-out church in Budapest, was the musical text for a ballet choreographed by José Limon, America's leading male dancer in the modern field. Using a group of dancers clad in Middle European civilian clothes, Limon opened his testament of faith in man's spiritual resources in time of war with a prologue in which the performers stood massed together in front of a projection on the backdrop depicting a devastated cathedral. The smallness of the group set against the enormity of the disaster suggested more the aftermath of the Hungarian revolution than a scene following the destructions wrought by World War II. At the side of the stage, Limon stood—a grief-stricken witness to the tragedy. But out of the group, lifted by dying hands, rose three figures, straight and strong as spears—symbols of man's undying faith in God and in himself.

If lines and curves have meaning beyond the mere geometry of design, then man as vertical being carries within him his own resurrection. From the opening "Kyrie" to the closing "Agnus Ite, Missa Est," the dance, as drama of inward struggle and final victory, moved to the monumental conclusion that the cathedral of the mind can be rebuilt by man's belief in superior moral forces.

It is the privilege of the choreographer not only to move dancers about the stage but to project thereon his own philosophical ideas. And

it is the privilege of the audience critically to appraise those ideas as a thing apart from the technical skill and diversity of style of the performers. Shall we, like the Soviets, lacking verity in the present, wear the mask of the outmoded past? Or shall we choose to depersonalize the human being into a nameless, faceless element of decorative motion? Or shall we consider that man's relation-

ship to man and to God are within the range of a communicable experience . . . as with a Mary Stuart or an invaded Hungary? If the dance as an art is not merely fancy acrobatics or prettified storytelling (and how many times the same story?), certainly it is the expression of the vitality and personality of individual man and a comment on the drama of his environment.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SHALL DO NO MURDER, by Holmes Alexander (Regnery, \$3.00). Holmes Alexander is an erudite, sound historian and columnist of the Right (and right). He first startles and then delights us by tossing us on the exciting cascades of a murder mystery. But under the simpler mask of action is the subtler face of psychology. Claude Mansfield is in danger of being suspected of murder: but, worse, he has been self-subverted by a sense of guilt, partly induced by an "idealistic" reporter who hates him for being realistic (and part of the one triangle that Euclid could never solve), partly by his own false values. Only the shock of self-sought "accidents," much psychological probing and philosophical wrestling, dismissal by the aged, ailing, canny, cantankerous owner of his Washington paper, the help of a wise tough cop, and his wife's unfailing love, restore him to health and sanity. Thus the seemingly accidental death of the cynically "idealistic" reporter, Brandt—perhaps suicide, perhaps murder—is secondary. The center is the subversion of a soul, and its final reaction into sanity. The philosophy which permeates this vibrantly exciting book is: "Of

love and self-knowledge, and of liberty to act according to them both, is compounded what man calls his soul." E. M. ROOT

THE COMPLETE ITALIAN SYSTEM OF WINNING BRIDGE, by Edgar Kaplan (Signet Key, 50¢). For the past three years Italian teams have won the world bridge championship. Among experts at the very top level there cannot be much difference, over a long run, in the ability to play the cards. It is generally agreed that the Italians' victories have been gained by their perfect partnership in the use of superior bidding systems. These systems—the Neapolitan and the Roman—are difficult and highly artificial. In this book Mr. Edgar Kaplan, one of our best players, explains the Italian intricacies for those bridge enthusiasts who might like to get one up in their league; or to prepare defenses against *avant garde* opponents; or merely to enjoy the subtlety of the fine Italian hands. J. BURNHAM

PLAIN TALK FROM A CAMPUS, by John A. Perkins (University of Delaware Press, \$4.00). Mr. Perkins, a former Under Secretary in the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, feels that the Communists "shrewdly recognized that universal public education was the essential tool of human progress." The fact that there is universal public education in the Soviet Union causes me to doubt this. He points out approvingly that the Soviets do not charge tuition and do pay stipends to university students; they recognize, he feels, that society and not the individual reaps the main benefit and should defray the cost of education. The remark-

able thing is that he does not realize that in Russia investment in higher education is public for the same reason investment in everything else is—whether in diploma-mills or steel-mills. In a socialist system, we naturally expect this. In a capitalist one, we might expect that investment in higher education would on the whole be private. Whatever case there is for public investment in higher education, it cannot be based on the Russians doing it, or on simple dogmatic socialism; nor can it be based on reiterative asseverations about public benefits. It is unfortunate that Mr. Perkins offers nothing else, though otherwise he discusses "today's onrushing educational difficulties" (!) by gracefully combining common sense with commonplace. A nice man, no doubt. But he should stay away from printing presses.

E. VAN DEN HAAG

SARAJEVO, by Joachim Remak (Criterion, \$5.00). The current trend of minute-by-minute recreations of disastrous public events may be frowned upon by serious historians, but it continues to make for lively reading, as exciting as most thrillers, and of far greater human interest. Having had Pearl Harbor, D-Day and the sinkings of the *Titanic* and the *Andrea Doria*, we now get a smoothly told, closely documented chronology of the assassination of the Archduke Franz Ferdinand in Sarajevo on June 28, 1914. There is plenty of gossip about everyone from the royal victims to the anarchist assassins and the Serbian Black Hand nationalists who engineered it all. But what may surprise most readers is the fact that there were actually two separate attempts the same day: one by bomb, which failed, and then another, fully two hours and much protocol later, when a couple of bullets were more successful. Both assassins attempted suicide on the spot, but oddly, their cyanide failed. Otherwise, the Black Hand origins of the plot might never have come to light, the immediate Austro-Serbian crisis might not have been provoked, and the nineteenth century might have lingered on months, even years, longer into the twentieth. R. PHELPS

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To the Editor

Mutual Un-Admiration Society

"Tourist Diplomacy" [July 18] by Leopold Kohr, however one-sided, struck my fancy as a fair piece of workmanship. He might now consider the matter of the American tourist's composite impression of Europeans he is most likely to meet. He will find the itching palm everywhere; practically no free seats anywhere from Ireland to Italy. Public rest rooms are conspicuous by their absence, and where found in hotels, theaters, etc. are accompanied by the ubiquitous attendant demanding largesse. Money grubbers, gold diggers, are mild epithets to bestow. Here is where the American tourist could assert a little individuality.

Frankly, I believe the dislike is mutual. Travel agencies which plan everything advise their over-all price includes "gratuities for the staff." But let the naive tourist try getting away with it.

No, the American tourist is fair game to be plucked all along the line, and . . . the European is a professional at it. Touring in Europe is for the birds. To Hades with it.

Paraphrasing the poet, the American tourist "marks the earth with ruin." Even travel in Mexico is not what it used to be. They are getting wise down there fast.

Little Rock, Ark. H. H. SULLIVAN, M.D.

Lanned Jamming

. . . After I inquired about the possibility of jamming Red broadcasts to Latin America . . . Mr. Carter, the liaison officer of the U.S. Information Agency, wrote me a letter, supporting the Atlantic City Telecommunications Convention which outlaws the jamming of any broadcast anywhere. . . . He stated that Red broadcasts have very little influence on Latin American thinking.

Where has Mr. Carter lived during the past ten years? On the moon? Our embassies have been sacked. Our flag was spit upon and torn down by howling mobs. Millions of dollars worth of American property is confiscated daily in Latin America, with no compensation. . . . Our Vice President and his wife narrowly escaped

death from armed mobs in Lima and Caracas. Four Central American countries face Red revolts and invasions. The Panama Canal is in danger. . . . Red radio constantly incites Latin Americans to hate the U.S. . . . Soviet broadcasts have tremendous influence in the Western Hemisphere, and now Red Chinese propaganda is added to the barrage. . . .

Although Russia jams all outside broadcasts, Red propaganda is free to circulate all over the Western Hemisphere under this telecommunications agreement. *It doesn't make sense.* Why did our officials sign this agreement? And how could we break the jamming prohibition in time of war, without censure by the UN? . . .

St. Petersburg, Fla. ELIZABETH PORTER

Equal Space?

I note that you are investigating the libel laws [July 18] of various countries. A few months ago, I ran into someone who told me about an interesting law in either Uruguay or Paraguay which he said was called the "Right of Fair Comment." According to this person, if a newspaper or magazine published something about a person which was grossly unfair or warped or distorted, but which did not of itself result in demonstrable monetary damages, the injured party could secure a court order entitling him to space in the offending periodical of equal size and prominence within which he was free to have printed a rebuttal. Apparently this process is very summary, so that the rebuttal can appear before the original article becomes too stale.

Sharon, Conn.

JAMES L. BUCKLEY

More on the Strauss Case

A letter in your July 18 issue takes you to task for implying that the Strauss case was a "simple Left vs. Right contest." Several senatorial votes on both sides were cited by the writer to disprove your thesis.

I did not read NR as implying that the case was this simple but rather as pointing up the left wing as taking a very strong part in the fight against

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Mr. Strauss. Surely that point is supportable. . . . The earliest witnesses at the hearings were the California scientists who thought it an argument against Mr. Strauss to allege that he had worked hard for the development of the H-bomb. Then came the revelation that the committee counsel had prepared or helped prepare anti-Strauss testimony given in the hearings. This could hardly have been done if the chairman, Senator Magnuson, one of the leading anti-Strauss figures, had objected. . . .

The fact that certain senators, usually inclined to the left, voted for Strauss, is taken by your correspondent as destroying the case you were trying to make. How can it be overlooked that three of these senators listed, Javits, Case and Cooper, owe a great deal to the Eisenhower Administration? All were vigorously supported in their election efforts by the White House. Senator Case, in particular, got in by the narrowest of margins. . . .

Your correspondent cites the votes against Strauss of certain conservative senators as further weakening your case. . . . Mr. Smathers of Flor-

ida . . . is a member of the Senate's Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee, of which the chairman is Mr. Magnuson. Most senators like to stand in good favor with committee chairman. . . . The anti-Strauss votes of senators like Talmadge and Frear could be attributed to the fact that Senator Anderson, a bitter opponent of Strauss, has been known as level-headed, well-spoken, generally conservative and popular among his fellows. . . . Desire to do a favor for Anderson might readily account for the anti-Strauss votes of such conservatives.

But the admitted evidence of factors like political advantage and senatorial togetherness, at work in the Strauss case, does not in the least invalidate the proposition you supported: that the opposition to Mr. Strauss was vigorously and consistently pressed, if not in fact instigated, by the left wing. If nothing else, the campaign carried on by the *Washington Post* over a period of time should be enough to establish the character of the principal opposition to Lewis Strauss.

Woodville, Va.

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Elizabeth the Not-so-Great (cont'd)

As M. J. Hogan has stated ["To the Editor," July 18] in criticism of Mr. Lejeune's book review, historians don't agree on Elizabeth and her Age.

The official version, taught in England, is somewhat as follows: Good Queen Bess, the "Virgin Queen," ruling a nation of prosperous and happy Protestants, was tolerant of her rebellious subjects, but attacks by foreign Catholic nations forced her to use a prudent firmness. Patriotic sailors and a noble fleet, backed by a growing nationalism, saved the Protestant spirit, which produced one of the greatest eras in the history of literature.

Catholic writers such as Lingard, Pollen, Belloc and Hollis—to name only a few—present a different version: Bad Queen Bess was ruled in main things by the two Cecils; indeed it would be more accurate to call it the Cecilian age. The populace, not so happy and prosperous, was still predominantly Catholic. The Catholic leaders exhibited an unfortunate tolerance of a provocative nation, whose best sailors were pirates. The Age's superb literature was nearer to the great tradition of the past than to the spirit of the new millionaires and 'reformers.'

Brooklyn, N.Y.

JOSEPH P. EGAN

On Hesitating to Resort to Name-Calling

In my estimation, NATIONAL REVIEW . . . reached a new high—more accurately, a new low—in . . . your much less than brilliant and logical review of the sorry matter involving Dr. Ralph Bunche and the West Side Tennis Club [Bulletin, July 25]. . . . Unlike you and/or your editorial staff I hesitate to resort to name-calling and distorted implications but I must confess to at least the thought that prejudice and bigotry could be your only motive for twisting this story. . . . [Witness] Your logical meanderings . . . your weird reasoning . . . you[r] abuse [of] the powers and the privileges of the press in spreading disunity and hatred. . . . After wading through your sophomoric invectives . . . the hack who authored this diatribe . . . [its] prejudicial snell, . . . the sickness with which you are afflicted [grieves me], . . . I detest the various isms which seek to destroy what I believe to be meant by Americanism. . . . I abhor the

many hatemonger groups which thrive upon man's inhumanity to his fellow man. But, I am glad of the chance to read their publications and listen to their spokesmen so that I can keep aware of the garbage which they are spewing out.

Libertyville, Ill.

KEVIN B. O'BRIEN

And we are glad to have letters from those who promote love and understanding. Keep us posted, O'Brien. ED.

Morality and the Empire

Mr. Colm Brogan [July 4] says that Mosley's solution to the Notting Hill problem is "unthinkable." It would immediately destroy the moral basis of the "Empire." That the "moral" basis of the Empire should be the cause of subjecting the builders of it to such shocking amorality as Mr. Brogan goes on to describe seems to me to be either a contradiction in terms or else a misapplication of the word "moral." The more nearly appropriate term would have been "political."

JOHN BROCKENBROUGH FOX
Baltimore, Md.

WHAT'S COOKING IN OUR SCHOOLS?

(Continued from p. 271)

Money, then, cannot redeem America from its school plight. What is needed is a searching inquiry into the basic purpose of education and a fearless rejection of whatever impedes the realization of this purpose. Doctor Grayson Kirk, president of Columbia University, has already given the correct general diagnosis of the malaise afflicting the American system. "In order to have better schools," he pointedly observed, "we must start from one simple proposition: the primary purpose of any school is education, not social adjustment."

Before accepting any federal education bill, congressmen should first get a clearer answer to the question, "What's cooking in our schools today?"

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